



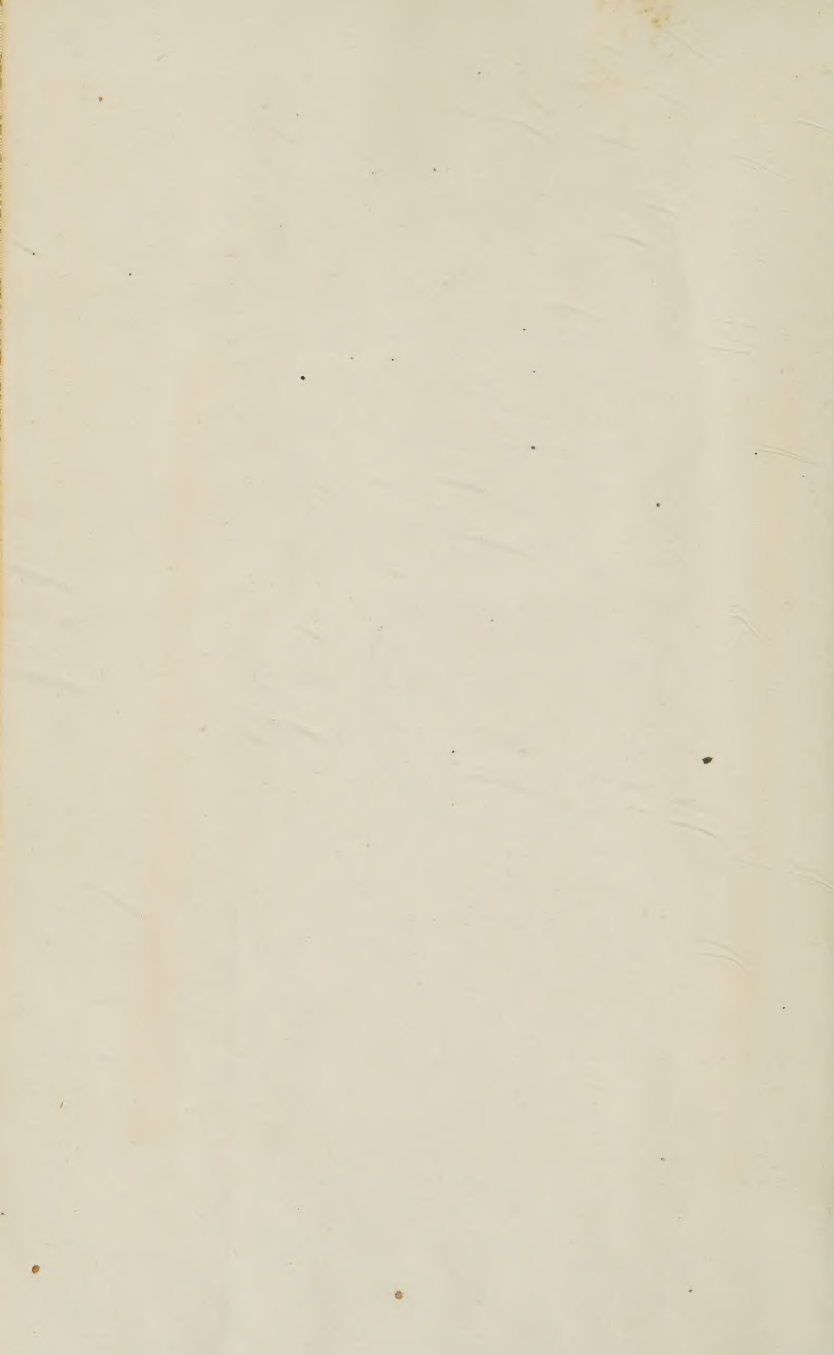
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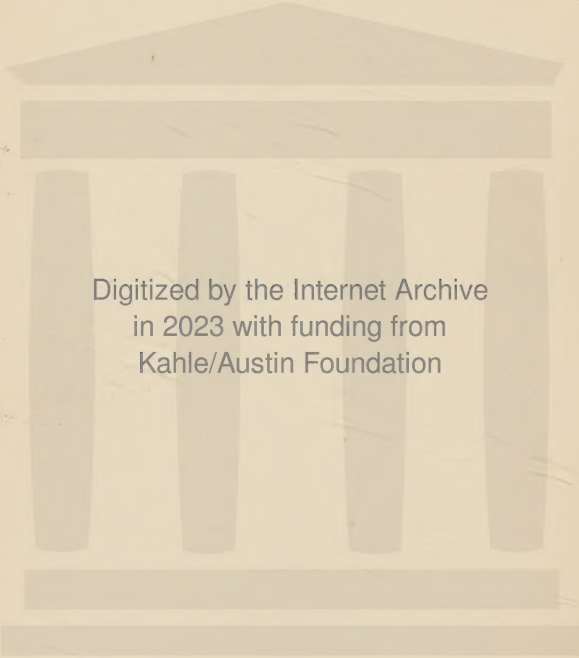
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FIFTY YEARS
OF
ENGLISH SONG.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS
OF
THE REIGN OF VICTORIA!

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY
HENRY F-RANDOLPH.



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THE POETS OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE REIGN.
THE NOVELIST-POETS.

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UNTO

J. H. F-R.

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BIOGRAPHICAL

AND

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

THE authorities for these notes, in addition to special biographies and the biographical notes scattered through various volumes of selections, are, *Victorian Poets*, by Edmund Clarence Stedman, eleventh edition, 1886; *Celebrities of the Century*, edited by Lloyd Sanders, 1886; *Men of the Reign*, 1885, and *Men of the Time*, twelfth edition, 1887, both edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward.

The authors marked with an asterisk (*) are still (1887) living.

* AÏDÉ, HAMILTON. He is the author of a number of novels, and has quite a reputation as the author of the words of several popular songs. He has published in poetry *Eleonore and other Poems*, 1856; *Rhymes and Recitations*, 1882.

* BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES (1816). Born at Nottingham; spent two sessions at the University of Glasgow, 1831-1833, and in the latter year commenced the study of law, and in 1840 was called to the bar. He has published *Festus*, 1839; *The Angel World*, 1850; *The Mystic*, 1855; *The Age* (a satire), 1856; *The Universal Hymn*, 1867.

BRONTË, EMILY JANE (1818-1848). Born at Thornton in Yorkshire, and daughter of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, whose strange and eccentric conduct has been variously attributed to an ungovernable temper and partial insanity. In 1820 the family removed to Haworth Vicarage, where in not quite a year Mrs.

Brontë died, and the care of the six motherless children, all under seven years of age, devolved upon the eldest daughter Maria. In 1824 Emily and Charlotte attended a school established for clergymen's daughters, at Cowan's Bridge, near Haworth, and which is supposed to have furnished the original of "Lowood," in Charlotte's novel, *Jane Eyre*. In 1825 they returned home, where Emily spent the next eleven years, when she accepted a position as teacher in a large school near Halifax. She was however compelled to resign the position in less than a year, on account of the positive injury done to her health, which in her case absence from home seems to have always produced. In 1842 she spent, in company with Charlotte, a short time at Brussels, from which city the sisters were suddenly recalled by the death of their aunt, Miss Branwell. Emily from that time never left Haworth Vicarage. She was a woman whose bravery amounted almost to stoicism, and her life, sad enough in itself, was rendered almost tragic by the utter eclipse of all the hopes which she and her sisters had centred in their brother Branwell, and whose talents they may have fondly exaggerated, but whose career was as complete a failure as excessive drink and lack of all purpose in life could make. She published in conjunction with her two sisters, Charlotte and Anne, *Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell*, 1846. The stanzas *Last Lines* were found in her desk after her death. She published only one novel, *Wuthering Heights*, 1847.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT (1809-1861). Born at Hope End, near Ledbury, and daughter of Mr. Moulton, a wealthy Jamaica planter, who afterwards added the name of Barrett to his own, making it Moulton-Barrett. The family subsequently removed to Gloucester Place, London, and the only instructors Mrs. Browning seemed to have had were her father, a man of much cultivation, and her blind and learned friend Hugh Stuart Boyd, to whom the poem *Wine of Cyprus* was addressed, and with whom she read not only classical Greek literature but also the works of the Greek Fathers. She was in addition an omnivorous reader of every kind of literature, not excluding the works of contemporary poets, among whom Byron, Shelley, and Coleridge made a great impression upon her. In 1837 she broke a blood-

vessel upon the lungs, and a year after was ordered to winter at Torquay. Here it was that two years later her favorite brother, who seems to have been worthy of his sister, was drowned in sight of the house, and the body never recovered. This tragedy nearly killed her, and having conceived a horror of Torquay she was, as soon as her condition made the change possible, moved back to Gloucester Place in an invalid carriage. She spent the next six years in a darkened room reading and annotating her Greek and Italian books, as well as her Hebrew Bible, having had her Plato bound like a novel in order to deceive her doctor. In 1845 she met Mr. Browning, through the agency of their mutual friend Mr. Kenyon; literary gossip insisting that the meeting was due to the graceful compliment paid to Browning's poetry in *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*. In 1846 she was married to Mr. Browning at St. Marylebone parish church. For this marriage her father never forgave her, although his objections to it had no better foundation than an unreasonable monomania that during his life he ought to be the sole object of his daughters' care, and that none of them should marry. After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Browning settled at Florence, where Mrs. Browning spent the remainder of her life, and where in 1849 her son Robert Barrett Browning, the present sculptor and painter, was born. During her residence at Florence she took a keen interest in contemporary Italian politics, which furnished the subjects for many of her later poems. She published *Essay on Mind*, 1827; *Prometheus Bound*, and *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1833; *The Seraphim and other Poems*, 1838; *The Romaunt of the Page*, 1839; *A Drama of Exile* and *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* were contained in a collected edition of her poems, 1844; *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, 1850; *Casa Guidi Windows*, 1851; *Aurora Leigh*, 1856; *Poems before Congress*, 1860; *Last Poems* (published posthumously), 1862.

* BROWNING, ROBERT, LL.D. (1812). Born at Camberwell, Surrey, and son of a bank-clerk, who was however a good classic. He attended a private school at Peckham till he was near fourteen, and then had a private tutor and attended lectures at the University College. In 1832 he made a tour on the Continent, where he spent considerable time in Italy studying the mediæval

history, literature, and life of that country. On his return he mingled with the literary society of that day, and seems to have been undecided for a while whether he should turn his attention to poetry, music, or sculpture. In 1834 he spent some time in Russia, and three years later his tragedy *Strafford*, which he had written for Macready, who assumed the chief part in it, was produced at Covent Garden. In 1846 he married Miss Elizabeth Barrett, and resided at Florence until his wife's death in 1861. He then brought his boy to London and settled at 19 Warwick Crescent, W., in order that his son might have the benefit of the care of his wife's sister, Miss Arabella Barrett. In 1879 Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and in 1881 the "Browning Society" was founded, the object of which, as expressed in its programme, was "to gather together some at least of the many admirers of Robert Browning, for the study and discussion of his works, and the publication of papers on them. The Society will also encourage the formation of Browning Reading Clubs, the acting of Browning's dramas by amateur companies, the writing of a Browning Primer, the compilation of a Browning Concordance or Lexicon, and, generally, the extension of the study and influence of the poet." The Society numbers at present some two hundred members, and has led to the formation of several similar societies in England, America, and Australia.

The following Browning bibliography is compiled from Mr. Arthur Symons's *Introduction to the Study of Browning: Pauline; a Fragment of a Confession*, 1833; *Paracelsus* (Drama), 1835; *Strafford* (Drama), 1837; *Sordello*, 1840; *Bells and Pomegranates*: No. I. *Pippa Passes* (Drama), 1841; No. II. *King Victor and King Charles* (Drama), 1842; No. III. *Dramatic Lyrics*, 1842; No. IV. *The Return of the Druses* (Drama), 1843; No. V. *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* (Drama), 1843; No. VI. *Colombe's Birthday* (Drama), 1844; No. VII. *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*, 1845; No. VIII. *Luria, and A Soul's Tragedy* (Dramas), 1846; *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day*, 1850; *Two Poems by E. B. B. and R. B.*, 1854; *Men and Women*, 1855; *Dramatis Personae*, 1864; *The Ring and the Book*, Vols. I. and II., 1868; Vols. III. and IV., 1869; *Balaustion's Adventure*, 1871; *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society*, 1871; *Fifine*

at the Fair, 1872; *Red-Cotton Night-Cap Country, or Turf and Towers*, 1873; *Aristophanes' Apology*, 1875; *The Inn Album*, 1875; *Pacchiarotto, and how he worked in Distemper*, 1876; *The Agamemnon of Æschylus* (Translation), 1877; *La Saisiaz*; *The Two Poets of Croisic*, 1878; *Dramatic Idyls*, 1879; *Dramatic Idyls, Second Series*, 1880; *Jocoseria*, 1883; *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884. Of editions of collected poems the following may be noticed: *Poems by Robert Browning*, 2 vols., 1849; *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning*, third edition, 3 vols., 1863; *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning*, 6 vols., 1868.

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819-1861). Born at Liverpool, and second son of a cotton merchant in that city. In 1823 the family removed to Charleston, South Carolina, where they stayed for five years, and on their return to England Clough went to school at Chester, from which he was removed to Rugby in the following year, where he came under the influence of Dr. Arnold, and with whom he earnestly strove to raise the character of the school. He was also editor, at one time, of *The Rugby Magazine*. In 1836 he entered Oxford, having gained the Balliol scholarship the previous year. His entrance at Oxford was synchronous with the temporary victory of the *Tractarians* over the Broad Church party, and the height of Dr. (subsequently Cardinal) Newman's popularity as preacher at St. Mary's. Over Clough the "Oxford Movement" exercised a great influence, and to the unquiet spirit inspired in him by it, many of his friends attributed his failure to obtain the Balliol fellowship in 1841. The following year he was elected fellow and tutor of Oriel College, but resigned his tutorship in 1848. The year previous to his resignation he had had a reading party in Glen Urquhart, about two miles north from Loch Ness, which furnished some of the incidents and characters in *The Bothie*. After leaving Oxford he spent a short time in Paris with Emerson, whose acquaintance he had made in 1847; and in 1849, he visited Rome, where he was present at the siege by the French. In October of the same year he entered on the headship of University Hall, London, and three years later came to America and settled at Cambridge, Mass. This second residence in America lasted less than a year, when he returned to England, having accepted a position as Examiner

under the Education Department, which he held until his death. Clough is the subject of Matthew Arnold's Monody *Thyrsis*.

He published *The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich*, changed in a subsequent revision to *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, 1848; and in conjunction with his friend Thomas Burbridge, *Ambarvalia*, 1849. In 1869 a volume of his poems edited by his wife was published.

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCK (1826-1887). Born at Stoke-upon-Trent, and daughter of a clergyman, a man of wide knowledge, who superintended her education. Her first novel, *The Ogilvies*, was published in 1849, and in 1856, *John Halifax, Gentleman*, by which she made her reputation. She has published in all about twenty-four novels, exclusive of several books for children. In 1864 she was granted a literary pension of £60 per annum, and in 1865 she was married to Mr. George Lillie Craik. She has published two volumes of *Poems*, since revised in one volume under the title of *Thirty Years*.

CROSS, MARY ANN EVANS (1819-1880). Born at South Farm in Warwickshire, and early in life changed her name to Marian Evans. Her father commenced life as a carpenter, and was afterwards a forester and then a land-agent. Marian was a daughter by a second marriage, by which there were also two other children, Christiana and Isaac, the latter of whom forms one of the subjects in the series of autobiographical sonnets, *Brother and Sister*. When Marian was still a baby the family removed to Griff House, and when twelve years old she was sent to a boarding-school at Nuneaton. In 1841, five years after his wife's death, Mr. Evans removed to Foleshill near Coventry, and it was at this place that Marian made the acquaintance of Charles Bray and his wife, to whose influence her change from ardent Evangelicism to scepticism has been attributed. In 1843 she commenced her translation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, which was published three years later, and in 1849, shortly after the death of her father, she spent several months in the neighborhood of Geneva. On her return to England she became allied to Dr. Chapman in the editorship of *The Westminster Review*, and it was at Dr. Chapman's house in 1851 that she first met

George Henry Lewes, whose wife she subsequently became in every sense but the legal one, circumstances preventing the union from receiving the 'social sanction.' In 1856 she began her career as a novelist, the suggestion that she should write fiction coming from Lewes. Her first novel was *Scenes from Clerical Life*, which appeared first as a serial in *Blackwood*, and was afterward published in book form under the pseudonym of George Eliot. This was followed in 1857 by *Adam Bede*, which was an immediate and unprecedented success. From that time her reputation was assured and her novels brought her not only fame but money. For the serial right of *Scenes from Clerical Life* Blackwood paid her £50, for that of *Romola*, seven years later, she received £7,000 from the publishers of *Cornhill Magazine*, and corresponding prices were paid for her other works. In 1876 she purchased the beautiful country mansion known as the Heights of Willey, and in 1878 Lewes died. Two years later she was married to Mr. G. W. Cross, an old and valued friend of Lewes. She died at No. 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and is buried beside Lewes in the cemetery at Highgate.

She published two volumes of poems: *The Spanish Gypsy*, 1868; *The Legend of Jubal*, 1874.

* DE VERE, AUBREY THOMAS (1814). Third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, Baronet, of County Limerick, the author of the drama *Mary Tudor*. He was educated at Trinity College, and in addition to his various poetical works, is the author of several works on political and historical subjects. In 1878 he edited a correspondence on religion and philosophical subjects, under the title of *Proteus and Amadeus*. He has published *The Waldenses, or the Fall of Roza*, 1842; *The Search after Proserpine, Recollections of Greece, and other Poems*, 1843; *Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred*, 1853; *May Carols*, 1857; *The Sisters, Inisfail, and other Poems*, 1861; *The Infant Bridal, and other Poems*, 1864; *Irish Odes, and other Poems*, 1869; *The Legends of St. Patrick*, 1872; *Alexander the Great, a Dramatic Poem*, 1874; *St. Thomas of Canterbury, a Dramatic Poem*, 1876; *Legends of the Saxon Saints*, 1879; *May Carols*, new edition, 1881; *The Foray of Queen Meane*, 1882.

DOBELL, SIDNEY (1824-1874). Born at Cranbrook, Kent, and educated at home, as his parents were strongly opposed to all

schools. His father, a London wine merchant, was the author of a rather remarkable pamphlet on government, entitled *Man unfit to govern Man*, and his mother was Julietta Thompson, daughter of Samuel Thompson, a political reformer, and founder of a church intended to be on the primitive Scriptural model, and called 'Freethinking Christians.' In 1835 the family removed to Cheltenham, and four years later Dobell entered his father's counting-house, where he was a clerk for a period of twelve years. In 1844 he was married to Miss Emily Fordham. His health subsequently gave way, and for several years before his death he was more or less of an invalid. He published *The Roman* (Drama), 1850; *Balder* (Drama), 1854; *Sonnets of the War*, written in conjunction with Alexander Smith, 1855; *England in Time of War*, 1856. A complete edition of his poems was published in 1875.

* DOMETT, ALFRED, C. M. G. (1811). Born at Camberwell Grove, Surrey, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1829, which he left three years later without taking his degree. He subsequently travelled several years in America and the Continent, and in 1841 he was called to the bar at the Middle Temple. A year later he migrated to New Zealand, where he remained for a space of nearly thirty years. During that time he held several important offices in that country, and especially distinguished himself by forming a government in 1862, when affairs in New Zealand were in a most critical position. For his signal services rendered to that colony he was, in 1880, created a Companion of the Order of SS. Michael and George. In 1871 he retired from public duties and returned to England. Mr. Domett is commonly supposed to be the subject of Mr. Browning's poem, *Waring*. He has published *Poems*, 1832; *Venice*, 1839; *Ranolf and Amohia, a South-Sea Day Dream* 1872; *Flotsam and Jetsam, Rhymes Old and New*, 1877.

HORNE, RICHARD HENRY (1803-1884). Designed originally for the army he left Sandhurst at an early age and entered the Mexican Naval Service, went through the Mexican Spanish War, and returned to England after considerable travel in the United States. He commenced his literary career in 1828, when he con-

tributed his poem *Hecatompylus* to *The Athenæum*. He was subsequently the editor of *The Monthly Repository*, and connected with the Royal Commission on the employment of children in mines, etc. It was his report as a member of this Commission which inspired Mrs. Browning's *The Cry of the Children*. Mrs. Browning also assisted him in writing *A New Spirit of the Age*, and her letters to Horne, which appeared in 1877, with Horne's comments on them and his contemporaries, is the only correspondence of Mrs. Browning which has been given to the public. In 1852 Horne started for the gold-fields of Australia, where he spent several years. In 1874 a pension of £100 per annum was conferred upon him out of the Civil List. In addition to numerous prose works he has published: *Cosmo de' Medici* (Drama), 1837; *The Death of Marlowe* (Drama), 1837; *Gregory VII.* (Drama), 1840; the *Fetches* (a small dramatic piece), 1843; *Orion*, 1843; *Ballad Romances*, 1846; *Judas Iscariot* (a miracle play), 1848; *Prometheus the Fire-bringer* (Lyrical Drama), 1864; *Laura Debalzo* (Drama), 1880.

HOUGHTON, RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, Baron, F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L. (1809-1885). Only son of Robert Pemberton Milnes, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1831, where he numbered among his friends Lord Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. On leaving Cambridge he travelled abroad, and entered Parliament in 1837, as member for Pontefract, and sat for that constituency for twenty-six years, until called to the Lords in 1863. He started in his political career as a Tory under Sir Robert Peel, followed the defection of a portion of his party from that statesman in 1846, and eventually allied himself with the moderate Toryism of Lord Palmerston. He defended Italy in her struggle against Austria, and spoke on behalf of the Poles during the insurrection of 1863, and was also the author of the first Juvenile Reformatories Bill. He was connected with various literary societies and the recipient of many academic honors, among others, that of D.C.L., from Oxford, and LL.D. from Edinburgh. His interest in young writers and kindly assistance to such of those as needed it earned him the title of the modern Mæcenas, while his brilliant powers of conversation have made his literary breakfasts famous.

He published in verse *Memorials of a Tour in Greece*, chiefly Poetical, 1833; *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent*, 1838; *Poems of Many Years*, 1838; *Memorials of Many Seasons*, 1840; *Poetry for the People*, 1840; *Poems Legendary and Historical*, 1844; *Palm Leaves*, 1844.

* INGELow, JEAN (circ. 1828). Born at Boston, Lincolnshire. She has published in verse *A Rhyming Chronicle of Incident and Feeling*, 1850; *Allerton and Droux*, 1851; *Poems*, 1863; *A Story of Doom*, 1867. She is also the author of four or five very successful novels.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES (1819-1875). Born at Holne Vicarage, prepared for school under a private tutor, and in 1832 was sent to Helston Grammar School, Cornwall, of which the headmaster was the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of the poet. In 1836 he became a day student at King's College, London, his father having been presented with a living at Chelsea, and two years later he entered Magdalene College, Cambridge, from which he took his degree in 1842. Originally intended for the law he had towards the end of his university course decided to enter the Church, and shortly after graduation he obtained the curacy of Eversley, which in 1844 he exchanged for that of Pomperne in Dorsetshire. That same year he was married, and a few months afterwards was presented with the living of Eversley, which he held for the next thirty years. From this time he identified himself with the social agitation of the period, and was an open sympathizer with the Chartist movement of 1848, contributing articles under the name of "Parson Lot" to *The Christian Socialist* and *Politics for the People*, and in 1849 he published *Alton Locke*, which in the form of a novel expressed his views on the social and political questions of the day. In 1859 he was made one of the Queen's chaplains in ordinary, and was Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge from 1860 to 1869. In 1864 he contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* a review of Froude's History of England, made memorable by the fact that a passage contained in it led to a discussion between him and Cardinal Newman, and the publication by the latter of the *Apologia pro Sua Vita*. In 1869 he was appointed canon of

Chester, and four years later canon of Westminster. A short time before his death he made a lecturing tour of the United States. He died after a short illness at Eversley, and is buried in the churchyard at that place.

Beside numerous novels and other prose works he has published in verse *The Saint's Tragedy* (Drama), 1848; *Andromeda and other Poems*, 1858; *The Water-Babies*, 1863.

LYTTON, EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON, Baron, better known as Bulwer-Lytton (1803-1873). He was the son of General Bulwer and Barbara, daughter of Richard Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth, in Hertfordshire. He was educated privately and under the superintendence of his mother, who was a woman of exceptional gifts and accomplishments. He took his degree at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and won the Chancellor's medal with a poem on sculpture. His early career seems to have been that of a man of letters and of fashion, with a strong dash of Pelhamism, although later in life he became somewhat of a recluse. In 1831 he entered into politics as member for St. Ives, and sat for Lincoln from 1832 to 1841, and was created a baronet in 1835. His first novel, *Falkland*, 1827, failed to bring him much celebrity, but by the publication of *Pelham* the following year he attained a sudden and widespread popularity. In 1836 *The Duchess of La Vallière* was produced at Covent Garden, then under the management of Macready, and proved a failure, which was however amply compensated for by the great success of *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*, the former being acted thirty-three times during the first season and twenty-nine times during the second, a remarkable run for a new play at that time. In 1833 he succeeded Campbell as editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, and four years later projected a magazine of his own, entitled *The Monthly Chronicle*, which lived through only a few numbers. He was married in 1843; but the union proved an unhappy one, resulting in a separation. On his mother's death, which occurred shortly after his marriage, he succeeded to the Knebworth estates, and obtained a royal license to take his mother's maiden name for a surname. In 1856 he became Lord Rector of Glasgow University, was Colonial Secretary for a short time in 1858, and was raised to the peerage in 1866 as Baron Lytton. His princi-

pal poetical works, exclusive of his plays, are : *Ismael, an Oriental Tale, with other Poems*, 1820 ; *Delmour, or a Tale of a Sylphed* ; 1823 ; *Weeds and Wild Flowers*, printed for private circulation, 1826 ; *O'Neil, or the Rebel*, 1827 ; *The Siamese Twins*, 1831 ; *The New Timon*, 1845 ; *King Arthur*, 1860 ; *St. Stephens*, 1866 ; *The Lost Tules of Miletus*, 1866. He also published a volume of translations from Schiller, 1844, and also of *The Odes* of Horace, 1869. The dates of the first production of his plays are as follows : *The Duchess of La Vallière*, 1836 ; *The Lady of Lyons*, 1838 ; *Richelieu*, 1838 ; *Money*, 1840 ; *The Rightful Heir*, 1870 : *Walpole*, 1870.

* MACDONALD, GEORGE, LL.D. (1824). Born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, and educated at King's College and the University, Aberdeen. He was intended for a Congregational minister, and became a student at the Independent College, Highbury, London, and acted for a short time as an Independent minister. He subsequently, however, abandoned that career on joining the Church of England, and settled in London, having chosen literature as a profession. The University of Aberdeen has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him, and in the winter of 1872-73 he made a lecturing tour through the United States. He has published, in addition to several novels, *Within and Without, a Dramatic Poem*, 1856 ; *A Hidden Life, and other Poems*, 1857 ; *The Disciple, and other Poems*, 1867.

* MEREDITH, GEORGE (1828). Born in Hampshire and educated on the Continent. Originally intended for the law he abandoned that profession for that of literature. He has published, in addition to several novels, *Poems*, 1851 ; *Poems and Ballads*, 1862 ; *Poems and Lyrics of the Joys of the Earth*, 1883.

* PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER (1824). The son of Sir Francis Palgrave, and educated at the Charterhouse and at Balliol College, where he took his degree in 1847, and was elected to a fellowship at Exeter College. From 1850 to 1855 he was vice-principal of the Training College at Kneller Hall, and after being secretary to Earl Granville became one of the three assistant secretaries of the Committee of Council on Education,

which post he now occupies. In 1885 he succeeded Professor Shairp as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He has published in verse *Idyls and Songs*, 1854; *Hymns*, 1867; *Lyrical Dreams*, 1871; *A Lyric Garland*, 1874; *The Vision of England*, 1881. He has also edited some very successful collections of poetry, notably *The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language*.

* PATMORE, COVENTRY KEARSEY DEIGHTON (1823). Son of Peter George Patmore, the author of *Literary Reminiscences*. In 1847 he was appointed an assistant librarian at the British Museum, and two years later became so far identified with the Pre-Raphaelite movement as to occasionally contribute to *The Germ*. About 1868 he retired from his post in the British Museum and bought an estate of some four hundred acres in Sussex, and subsequently removed to Hastings where he still lives, and where he has built a large Catholic Church. He has published *Tamerton Church Tower, and other Poems*, 1853; *The Angel in the House, The Betrothal*, 1854; *The Espousals*, 1856; a revised edition of the poem appeared in 1858, a further revision in 1860; *Faithful for Ever*, 1860, and *The Victories of Love*, 1863; *Odes*, privately printed, 1868; *The Unknown Eros, and other Odes*, 1877. A collected edition of his poems was published in 1878. He is also the editor of *The Children's Garland* in the Golden Treasury Series.

* STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR (1850). Born at Edinburgh and grandson of Robert Stevenson, the noted engineer. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and originally intended for an engineer, his family having been for three generations engineers to the Board of Northern Lighthouses. He however failed to make a success of that profession and abandoned it for the law. He was called to the Scottish bar, but received only one brief. He afterwards travelled considerably, visiting San Francisco as an immigrant, since which time he has been an invalid and has devoted himself to novel writing. His poetical works are *A Child's Garland of Verse*, 1885; *Underwoods*, 1887.

* TENNYSON, ALFRED, Baron, D.C.L., F.R.S. (1809). Born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, and third son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersby and Enderby and vicar of Great Grimsby. His early education was conducted partly at home by his father and partly at a village school. He was subsequently sent to the Louth Grammar School, and in 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he formed the friendship of Arthur Henry Hallam. In 1829 by his poem *Timbuctoo* he won the Chancellor's gold medal, for which Hallam was also a competitor. Towards the end of 1833 Hallam died, and to Tennyson's profound sorrow for the death of his friend has been attributed his almost unbroken silence between 1833 and 1842. He left Cambridge to live with his mother and sisters, and in 1845 he was awarded a Civil List pension of £200 per annum. He became Poet Laureate on the death of Wordsworth in 1850, and that same year married Miss Emily Sellwood, and took up his residence at Twickenham. In 1855 he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford, and in 1865 was elected a member of the Royal Society. In the latter year he also refused a baronetcy, repeated three years later. In 1875 his drama *Queen Mary* was produced in a condensed form at the Lyceum Theatre, and in 1879 *The Falcon* at the St. James Theatre. In 1881 *The Cup* was produced at the Lyceum, and *The Promise of May* at the Globe Theatre in the following year. In 1884 he was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford. He has published in conjunction with his brother Charles, *Poems by Two Brothers*, 1827; *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*, 1830; *Poems*, 1832; *Poems*, 2 vols., 1842; *The Princess, a Medley*, 1847; *In Memoriam*, 1850; *Maud, and other Poems*, 1855; *Idylls of the King*, containing *Enid*, *Vivien*, *Elaine*, *Guinevere*, 1859; *Enoch Arden and other Poems*, 1864; *The Holy Grail, and other Poems*, containing *The Holy Grail*, *The Coming of Arthur*, *Pelleas*, and *Etarre*, *The Passing of Arthur*, 1869; *The Window, or the Songs of the Wrens*, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1870; *Gareth and Lynette*, bound up with *The Last Tournament*, which had previously appeared in *The Contemporary Review*, 1872; *Queen Mary* (Drama), 1875; *Harold*, (Drama), 1876; *The Lover's Tale*, 1879; *Ballads and other Poems*, 1880; *The Cup* and *The Falcon* (Dramas), one vol., 1884; *Becket*

(Drama), 1884; *Teresias and other Poems*, 1886; *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, containing also *The Promise of May* (Drama), 1886.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE (1811-1863). Born at Calcutta, and educated at the Charterhouse, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left at the expiration of a year. Intending to become an artist he went to Weimar in 1831, and the following year to Paris. On becoming of age he inherited a small fortune of £500 a year, which he lost in his attempts to start two newspapers, *The National Standard*, and *The Constitutional*. In 1837 he married Miss Isabella Shawe, whose hopeless insanity a few years after the marriage darkened his life. Thackeray's earliest literary work was connected with *Fraser's Magazine*, in which *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond* appeared in 1837-38, followed by *The Yellow Plush Papers* and *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*. *Vanity Fair*, his first novel, was issued in monthly parts and completed in 1848. After its completion he was attacked by an illness which left him subject to spasms, which eventually caused his death. During the winter of 1852-53 he visited the United States, delivering a course of lectures on *The English Humorists*, and in 1859 he became the first editor of *Cornhill Magazine*, which had been started by Smith & Elder, and continued in that position until 1862. He left two daughters, Anne Isabella, who has won considerable reputation as a novelist, and who married Mr. Richmond Ritchie; and Harriet Marian, who was the first wife of Mr. Leslie Stephen.

P O E T S
OF THE
FIRST HALF OF THE REIGN.

POETS

OF THE

FIRST HALF OF THE REIGN.



LORD TENNYSON.

FROM 'THE IDYLS OF THE KING.'

DEDICATION.

THESE to His Memory — since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself — I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears —
These Idyls.

And indeed He seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
'Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it:
Who loved one only and who clave to her —'
Her — over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone:
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;

Not swaying to this faction or to that ;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure ; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot : for where is he,
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstained, than his ?
Or how should England dreaming of *his* sons
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor —
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day —
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace —
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure ;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and leaves
The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,
The love of all Thy sons encompass Thee,
The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee,
The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,
Till God's love set Thee at his side again !

THE PARTING OF ARTHUR AND GUINEVERE.¹

FROM 'GUINEVERE.'

AND ev'n in saying this,
Her memory from old habit of the mind
Went slipping back upon the golden days
In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came,
Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,
Ambassador, to lead her to his lord
Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they,
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
And sport and tilts and pleasure (for the time
Was Maytime, and as yet no sin was dreamed),
Rode under groves that looked a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seemed the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth,
And on from hill to hill, and every day
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised
For brief repast or afternoon repose
By couriers gone before ; and on again,
Till yet once more ere set of sun they saw
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,
That crowned the state pavilion of the King,
Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

But when the Queen immersed in such a trance,
And moving thro' the past unconsciously,
Came to that point where first she saw the King
Ride toward her from the city, sighed to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,
High, self-contained, and passionless, not like him,
'Not like my Lancelot' — while she brooded thus
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,

There rode an armèd warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, 'The King.' She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armèd feet
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovelled with her face against the floor:
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armèd feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed, the King's:

'Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honored, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea;
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come — from him,
From waging bitter war with him: and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the King
Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;
And many more, and all his kith and kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.
And many more when Modred raised revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.

And of this remnant will I leave a part,
True men who love me still, for whom I live,
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be harmed.
Fear not : thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have erred not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the King should greatly care to live ;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinned.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways
Were filled with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redressed a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her ; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,

Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
And all this throve until I wedded thee,
Believing, ' lo mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.'
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot ;
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt ;
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinned also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all thro' thee ! so that this life of mine
I guard as God's high gift from scathe and wrong,
Not greatly care to lose ; but rather think
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
To sit once more within his lonely hall,
And miss the wonted number of my knights,
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds
As in the golden days before thy sin.
For which of us, who might be left, could speak
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee ?
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be vexed with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love thy lord,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house :

For being thro' his cowardice allowed
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns !
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane.'

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neighed
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again :

'Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death
(When first I learnt thee hidden here), is past.
The pang — which while I weighed thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn — is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinned, and I,
Lo ! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives : do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved ?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing ! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,

Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee —
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's : nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand ; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinned ; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
" I loathe thee : " yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still,
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband — not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow :
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against the man they call
My sister's son — no kin of mine, who leagues
With Lords of the White Horse, heathen, and knights,
Traitors — and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event ;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side ; see thee no more —
Farewell ! '

And while she grovelled at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceive the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armèd steps were gone,
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
The casement: 'peradventure,' so she thought,
'If I might see his face, and not be seen.'
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.
And while he spake to these his helm was lowered,
To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see his face,
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.
And even then he turned; and more and more
The moony vapor rolling round the King,
Who seemed the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

THE CONFESSION OF SIR LANCELOT²

FROM 'THE HOLY GRAIL.'

THEN there remained but Lancelot, for the rest
Spake but of sundry perils in the storm;
Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ,
Our Arthur kept his best until the last;
'Thou, too, my Lancelot,' asked the King, 'my friend,
Our mightiest, hath this Quest availed for thee?'

'Our mightiest!' answered Lancelot, with a groan;
'O King!' — and when he paused, methought I spied
A dying fire of madness in his eyes —

‘O King, my friend, if friend of thine I be,
Happier are those that welter in their sin,
Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime,
Slime of the ditch: but in me lived a sin
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
And poisonous grew together, each as each,
Not to be plucked asunder; and when thy knights
Swäre, I swäre with them only in the hope
That could I touch or see the Holy Grail
They might be plucked asunder. Then I spake
To one most holy saint, who wept and said,
That save they could be plucked asunder, all
My Quest were but in vain; to whom I vowed
That I would work according as he willed.
And forth I went, and while I yearned and strove
To tear the twain asunder in my heart,
My madness came upon me as of old,
And whipt me into waste fields far away;
There was I beaten down by little men,
Mean knights, to whom the moving of my sword
And shadow of my spear had been enow
To scare them from me once; and then I came
All in my folly to the naked shore,
Wide flats, where nothing but coarse grasses grew,
But such a blast, my King, began to blow,
So loud a blast along the shore and sea,
Ye could not hear the waters for the blast,
Tho’ heapt in mounds and ridges all the sea
Drove like a cataract, and all the sand
Swept like a river, and the clouded heavens
Were shaken with the motion and the sound.
And blackening in the sea-foam swayed a boat,
Half swallowed in it, anchored with a chain;
And in my madness to myself I said,

“I will embark and I will lose myself,
And in the great sea wash away my sin.”
I burst the chain, I sprang into the boat.
Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,
And with me drove the moon and all the stars;
And the wind fell, and on the seventh night
I heard the shingle grinding in the surge,
And felt the boat shock earth, and looking up,
Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,
A castle like a rock upon a rock,
With chasm-like portals open to the sea,
And steps that met the breaker! there was none
Stood near it but a lion on each side
That kept the entry, and the moon was full.
Then from the boat I leapt, and up the stairs.
There drew my sword. With sudden-flaring manes
Those two great beasts rose upright like a man,
Each gript a shoulder, and I stood between;
And, when I would have smitten them, heard a voice,
“Doubt not, go forward; if thou doubt, the beasts
Will tear thee piecemeal.” Then with violence
The sword was dashed from out my hand, and fell.
And up into the sounding hall I past;
But nothing in the sounding hall I saw,
No bench nor table, painting on the wall
Or shield of knight; only the rounded moon
Thro’ the tall oriel on the rolling sea.
But always in the quiet house I heard,
Clear as a lark, high o’er me as a lark,
A sweet voice singing in the topmost tower
To the eastward: up I climbed a thousand steps
With pain: as in a dream I seemed to climb
For ever: at the last I reached a door,
A light was in the crannies, and I heard,
“Glory and joy and honor to our Lord
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail.”
Then in my madness I essayed the door:

It gave ; and thro' a stormy glare, a heat
 As from a seventimes-heated furnace, I,
 Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,
 With such a fierceness that I swooned away —
 O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
 All palled in crimson, samite, and around
 Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.
 And but for all my madness and my sin,
 And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
 That which I saw ; but what I saw was veiled
 And covered ; and this Quest was not for me.'

FROM 'THE PRINCESS; A MEDLEY.'³

SONG.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

THE RECONCILIATION OF THE PRINCE AND
IDA.

DEEP in the night I woke : she, near me, held
A volume of the Poets of her land :
There to herself, all in low tones, she read.

‘ Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font :
The fire-fly wakens : waken thou with me.

‘ Now droops the milk white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me. ’

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake :
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.’

I heard her turn the page ; she found a small
Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she read :

‘ Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height :
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills ?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire ;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him ; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,

Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air :
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

So she low-toned; while with shut eyes I lay
Listening; then looked. Pale was the perfect face;
The bosom with long sighs labored; and meek
Seemed the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,
And the voice trembled and the hand. She said
Brokenly, that she knew it, she had failed
In sweet humility; had failed in all;
That all her labor was but as a block
Left in the quarry; but she still were loath,
She still were loath to yield herself to one,
That wholly scorned to help their equal rights
Against the sons of men, and barbarous laws.
She prayed me not to judge their cause from her
That wronged it, sought far less for truth than power
In knowledge: something wild within her breast,

A greater than all knowledge, beat her down.
 And she had nursed me there from week to week :
 Much had she learnt in little time. In part
 It was ill counsel had misled the girl
 To vex true hearts : yet was she but a girl —

‘ Ah fool, and made myself a Queen of farce !
 When comes another such ? never, I think,
 Till the Sun drop dead from the signs.’

Her voice

Choked, and her forehead sank upon her hands,
 And her great heart thro’ all the faultful Past
 Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break ;
 Till notice of a change in the dark world
 Was lispt about the acacias, and a bird,
 That early woke to feed her little ones,
 Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light :
 She moved, and at her feet the volume fell.

‘ Blame not thyself too much,’ I said, ‘ nor blame
 Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws ;
 These were the rough ways of the world till now.
 Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
 The woman’s cause is man’s : they rise or sink
 Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free :
 For she that out of Lethe scales with man
 The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
 His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
 Stays all the fair young planet in her hands —
 If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
 How shall men grow ? but work no more alone !
 Our place is much : as far as in us lies
 We two will serve them both in aiding her —
 Will clear away the parasitic forms
 That seem to keep her up but drag her down —

Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
 Within her — let her make herself her own
 To give or keep, to live and learn and be
 All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
 For woman is not undeveloped man,
 But diverse: could we make her as the man,
 Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
 Not like to like, but like in difference,
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
 The man be more of woman, she of man;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
 Till at the last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words;
 And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
 Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
 Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
 Distinct in individualities,
 But like each other ev'n as those who love.
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
 Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
 Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
 May these things be!

Sighing she spoke 'I fear
 They will not.'

'Dear, but let us type them now
 In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
 Of equal; seeing either sex alone
 Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
 Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils
 Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
 Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,

The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart, beating, with one full stroke,
Life.'

And again sighing she spoke : ' A dream
That once was mine ! what woman taught you this ? '

' Alone,' I said, ' from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman : he that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his winged affections clipt with crime :
Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one
Not learnèd, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother ! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.'

' But I,'

Said Ida, tremulously, ' so all unlike —
It seems you love to cheat yourself with words :
This mother is your model. I have heard
Of your strange doubts : they well might be : I seem
A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince ;
You cannot love me.'

‘Nay but thee,’ I said,
‘From yearlong poring on thy pictured eyes,
Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen, and saw
Thee woman thro’ the crust of iron moods
That masked thee from men’s reverence up, and forced
Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood : now,
Giv’n back to life, to life indeed, thro’ thee,
Indeed I love : the new day comes, the light
Dearer for night, as dearer thou for faults
Lived over : lift thine eyes ; my doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows : the change,
This truthful change in thee has killed it. Dear,
Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half-world :
Approach and fear not : breathe upon my brows ;
In that fine air I tremble, all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
Is morn to more, and all the rich to come
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me,
I waste my heart in signs : let be. My bride,
My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end.
And so thro’ those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee : come,
Yield thyself up : my hopes and thine are one :
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself ;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.’

FROM ‘IN MEMORIAM.’⁴

V.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I 'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

XXI.

I SING to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak ;
' This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.'

Another answers ' Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.'

A third is wroth, ' Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power ?

' A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon ?'

Behold, ye speak an idle thing :
Ye never knew the sacred dust :
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing :

And one is glad ; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged ;
And one is sad ; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stolen away.

LI.

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side ?
Is there no baseness we would hide ?
No inner vileness that we dread ?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessened in his love ?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :
Shall love be blamed for want of faith ?
There must be wisdom with great Death :
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall :
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

LXVII.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls :

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:
And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

CIII.

ON that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was bred,
I dreamed a vision of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.
Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me : distant hills
From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.
The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is wise and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veiled, to which they sang;
And which, tho' veiled, was known to me,
The shape of him I loved, and love
Forever : then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea :
And when they learnt that I must go
They wept and wailed, but led the way
To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below;
And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of Iris, and the golden reed;

And still as vaster grew the shore,
And rolled the floods in grander space,
The maidens gathered strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before ;

And I myself, who sat apart
And watched them, waxed in every limb ;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart :

As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race, which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star ;

Until the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck :

Whereat those maidens with one mind
Bewailed their lot ; I did them wrong :
' We served thee here,' they said, ' so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind ? '

So rapt I was, they could not win
An answer from my lips, but he
Replying, ' Enter likewise ye
And go with us : ' they entered in.

And while the wind began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steered her toward a crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

CXV.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood ; that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast
Spring wakens too ; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

FROM 'MAUD.'⁵

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wished-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

None like her, none.

Just now the dry-tongued laurel's pattering talk
Seemed her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more ;
But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

There is none like her, none.

Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honeyed rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame ;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she came.

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,
And you fair stars that crown a happy day
Go in and out as if at merry play,
Who am no more so all forlorn,
As when it seemed far better to be born
To labor and the mattock-hardened hand,
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
A sad astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
The countercharm of space and hollow sky,
And do accept my madness, and would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

Would die ; for sullen-seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was
In our low world, where yet 't is sweet to live.
Let no one ask me how it came to pass ;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

Not die ; but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death ?
Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long lover's kiss,
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this ?
'The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.'

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay ?
And hark the clock within, the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses play :
But now by this my love has closed her sight
And given false death her hand, and stolen away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her maiden grace affright !
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart, my ownest own, farewell ;

It is but for a little space I go :
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the night !
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendors that you look so bright ?
I have climbed nearer out of lonely Hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
That seems to draw — but it shall not be so :
Let all be well, be well.

*THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.*³

FROM 'ÆNONE.'

DEAR mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
It was the deep midnight : one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piny sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies : and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flowed a golden cloud, and leaned
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods

Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestioned, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
And river-sundered champaign clothed with corn,
Or labored mines undrainable of ore.
Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-thronged beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom — from all neighbor crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power,
Only, are likest gods, who have attained
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
Flattered his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

‘Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,
 Acting the law we live by without fear ;
 And, because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.’

Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Again she said : ‘ I woo thee not with gifts.
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
 So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,

If gazing on divinity disrobed
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
 Unbiassed by self-profit, oh ! rest thee sure
 That I should love thee well and cleave to thee,
 So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God’s,
 To push thee forward thro’ a life of shocks,
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
 Sinewed with action, and the full-grown will,
 Circled thro’ all experiences, pure law,
 Commensure perfect freedom.’

Here she ceased,

And Paris pondered, and I cried, ‘ O Paris,
 Give it to Pallas ! ’ but he heard me not,
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me !

O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
 With rosy slender fingers backward drew
 From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
 Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat

And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whispered in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece,'
She spoke and laughed: I shut my sight for fear:
But when I looked, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Fairest — why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I passed by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouched fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Fostered the callow eaglet — from beneath

Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone *Ænone* see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruined folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair *Peleian* banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Sealed it with kisses? watered it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts

Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child? — a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armèd men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when

Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,

Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

MARIANA.

‘Mariana in the moated grange.’

Measure for Measure.

WITH blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the gable-wall.

The broken sheds looked sad and strange :
Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !'

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !'

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :
The cock sung out an hour ere light :
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her : without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !'

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blackened waters slept,

And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarlèd bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
 When the thick-moated sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Was sloping toward his western bower.
 Then said she, 'I am very dreary,
 He will not come,' she said;
 She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
 O God, that I were dead!'

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE.

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that, which lived
 True life, live on — and if the fatal kiss,
 Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
 From earthly love and life — if what we call
 The spirit flash not all at once from out
 This shadow into Substance — then perhaps
 The mellowed murmur of the people's praise
 From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm,
 Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,
 Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees
 Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom
 Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,
 And thine Imperial mother smile again,
 May send one ray to thee! and who can tell —
 Thou — England's England-loving daughter — thou
 Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag
 Borne on thy coffin — where is he can swear
 But that some broken gleam from our poor earth
 May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
 At the pale feet this ballad of the deeds
 Of England, and her banner in the East?

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain,
hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry !
Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee
on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Luck-
now —
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee
anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held
with our lives —
Women and children among us, God help them, our chil-
dren and wives !
Hold it we might — and for fifteen days or for twenty at
most.
'Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his
post !'
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best
of the brave :
Cold were his brows when we kissed him — we laid him
that night in his grave.
'Every man die at his post !' and there hailed on our
houses and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-
balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight
barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we
stoopt to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often
there fell
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and
their shell,

Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen
were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could
think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would
rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled
us round—
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of
a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and
death in the ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and
creep thro' the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the
murderous mole.
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be
thro'!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than
before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no
more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced
on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echoed
away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends
in their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon
yell—
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard
the Redan!

Storm at the Water-gate ! storm at the Bailey-gate ! storm,
and it ran

Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drowned by the
tide —

So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall
escape ?

Kill or be killed, live or die, they shall know we are sol-
diers and men !

Ready ! take aim at their leaders — their masses are
gapped with our grape —

Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging
forward again,

Flying and foiled at the last by the handful they could not
subdue ;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and
in limb,

Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey,
to endure,

Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on
him ;

Still — could we watch at all points ? we were every day
fewer and fewer.

There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that
past ;

‘Children and wives — if the tigers leap into the fold
unawares —

Every man die at his post — and the foe may outlive us at
last —

Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into
theirs !’

Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy
sprung

Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.

Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true!

Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusillades —

Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,

Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore

Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.

Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun —

One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: 'Follow me, follow me!' —

Mark him — he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.

Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?

Boardings and rafters and doors — an embrasure! make way for the gun!

Now double charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!

Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,

Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,

That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We
can fight;
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the
night —
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms.
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and
soundings to arms,
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes
around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the
ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract
skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English
field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be
healed,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife, —
Torture and trouble in vain, — for it never could save us a
life,
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for
grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butchered for all that we
knew —
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the
still-shattered walls
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-
balls —
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew.

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout?

Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers!

Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,

Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,

Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,

Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!

Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you?

Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!

'Hold it for fifteen days!' we have held it for eighty-seven!

And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

WILL.

O WELL for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still !
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

'BREAK, BREAK, BREAK'

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me !

ROBERT BROWNING.

FROM 'THE RING AND THE BOOK.'

FROM BOOK II., 'HALF ROME.'

Who is it dares impugn the natural law,
Deny God's word 'the faithless wife shall die'?
What, are we blind? How can we fail to see,
This crowd of miseries make the man a mark,
Accumulate on one devoted head
For our example? — yours and mine who read
Its lesson thus — 'Henceforward let none dare
Stand, like a natural in the public way,
Letting the very urchins twitch his beard
And tweak his nose, to earn a nickname so,
Of the male-Grissel of the modern Job!'
Had Guido, in the twinkling of an eye,
Summed up the reckoning, promptly paid himself,
That morning when he came up with the pair
At the wayside inn, — exacted his just debt
By aid of what first mattock, pitchfork, axe
Came to hand in the helpful stable-yard,
And with that axe, if providence so pleased,
Cloven each head, by some Rolando-stroke,
In one clean cut from crown to clavicle,
— Slain the priest-gallant, the wife-paramour,
Sticking, for all defence, in each skull's cleft
The rhyme and reason of the stroke thus dealt,
To wit, those letters and last evidence
Of shame, each package in its proper place, —
Bidding, who pitied, undistend the skulls, —
I say, the world had praised the man. But no!
That were too plain, too straight, too simply just!

He hesitates, calls law forsooth to help.
 And law, distasteful to who calls in law
 When honor is beforehand and would serve,
 What wonder if law hesitate in turn,
 Plead her disuse to calls o' the kind, reply
 (Smiling a little), ' 'T is yourself assess
 The worth of what 's lost, sum of damage done.
 What you touched with so light a finger-tip,
 You whose concern it was to grasp the thing,
 Why must law gird herself and grapple with?
 Law, alien to the actor whose warm blood
 Asks heat from law whose veins run lukewarm milk, —
 What you dealt lightly with, shall law make out
 Heinous forsooth? '

Sir, what 's the good of law

In a case o' the kind? None, as she all but says.
 Call in law when a neighbor breaks your fence,
 Cribs from your field, tampers with rent or lease,
 Touches the purse or pocket, — but woos your wife?
 No: take the old way trod when men were men!
 Guido preferred the new path, — for his pains,
 Stuck in a quagmire, floundered worse and worse
 Until he managed somehow scramble back
 Into the safe sure rutted road once more,
 Revenged his own wrong like a gentleman.
 Once back 'mid the familiar prints, no doubt
 He made too rash amends for his first fault,
 Vaulted too loftily over what barred him late,
 And lit i' the mire again, — the common chance,
 The natural over-energy: the deed
 Maladroit yields three deaths instead of one,
 And one life left: for where 's the Canon's corpse?
 All which is the worse for Guido, but, be frank —
 The better for you and me and all the world,
 Husbands of wives, especially in Rome.

The thing is put right, in the old place, — ay,
The rod hangs on its nail behind the door,
Fresh from the brine : a matter I commend
To the notice, during Carnival that's near,
Of a certain what's-his-name and jackanapes
Somewhat too civil of eves with lute and song
About a house here, where I keep a wife.
(You, being his cousin, may go tell him so.)

FROM BOOK VI., 'GIUSEPPE CAPONSACCHI.'

SHE began — 'You have sent me letters, Sir :
I have read none, I can neither read nor write ;
But she you gave them to, a woman here,
One of the people in whose power I am,
Partly explained their sense, I think, to me
Obliged to listen while she inculcates
That you, a priest, can dare love me, a wife,
Desire to live or die as I shall bid,
(She makes me listen if I will or no)
Because you saw my face a single time.
It cannot be she says the thing you mean ;
Such wickedness were deadly to us both :
But good true love would help me now so much —
I tell myself, you may mean good and true.
You offer me, I seem to understand,
Because I am in poverty and starve,
Much money, where one piece would save my life.
The silver cup upon the altar-cloth
Is neither yours to give nor mine to take ;
But I might take one bit of bread therefrom,
Since I am starving, and return the rest,
Yet do no harm : this is my very case.
I am in that strait, I may not dare abstain
From so much of assistance as would bring
The guilt of theft on neither you nor me ;

But no superfluous particle of aid.
I think, if you will let me state my case,
Even had you been so fancy-fevered here,
Not your sound self, you must grow healthy now —
Care only to bestow what I can take.
That it is only you in the wide world,
Knowing me nor in thought nor word nor deed,
Who, all unprompted save by your own heart,
Come proffering assistance now, — were strange
But that my whole life is so strange : as strange
It is, my husband whom I have not wronged
Should hate and harm me. For his own soul's sake,
Hinder the harm ! But there is something more,
And that the strangest : it has got to be
Somehow for my sake too, and yet not mine,
— This is a riddle — for some kind of sake
Not any clearer to myself than you,
And yet as certain as that I draw breath, —
I would fain live, not die — oh no, not die !
My case is, I was dwelling happily
At Rome with those dear Comparini, called
Father and mother to me ; when at once
I found I had become Count Guido's wife :
Who then, not waiting for a moment, changed
Into a fury of fire, if once he was
Merely a man : his face threw fire at mine,
He laid a hand on me that burned all peace,
All joy, all hope, and last all fear away,
Dipping the bough of life, so pleasant once,
In fire which shrivelled leaf and bud alike,
Burning not only present life but past,
Which you might think was safe beyond his reach.
He reached it, though, since that beloved pair,
My father once, my mother all those years,
That loved me so, now say I dreamed a dream
And bid me wake, henceforth no child of theirs,

Never in all the time their child at all.
Do you understand? I cannot: yet so it is.
Just so I say of you that proffer help:
I cannot understand what prompts your soul,
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Only one strange and wonderful thing more.
They came here with me, those two dear ones, kept
All the old love up, till my husband, till
His people here so tortured them, they fled.
And now, is it because I grow in flesh
And spirit one with him their torturer,
That they, renouncing him, must cast off me?
If I were graced by God to have a child,
Could I one day deny God graced me so?
Then, since my husband hates me, I shall break
No law that reigns in this fell house of hate,
By using — letting have effect so much
Of hate as hides me from that whole of hate
Would take my life which I want and must have —
Just as I take from your excess of love
Enough to save my life with, all I need.
The Archbishop said to murder me were sin:
My leaving Guido were a kind of death
With no sin, — more death, he must answer for.
Hear now what death to him and life to you
I wish to pay and owe. Take me to Rome!
You go to Rome, the servant makes me hear.
Take me as you would take a dog, I think,
Masterless left for strangers to maltreat:
Take me home like that — leave me in the house
Where the father and the mother are; and soon
They'll come to know and call me by my name,
Their child once more, since child I am, for all
They now forget me, which is the worst o' the dream —
And the way to end dreams is to break them, stand,
Walk, go: then help me to stand, walk and go!

The Governor said the strong should help the weak :
You know how weak the strongest women are.
How could I find my way there by myself ?
I cannot even call out, make them hear —
Just as in dreams : I have tried and proved the fact.
I have told this story and more to good great men,
The Archbishop and the Governor : they smiled.
“ Stop your mouth, fair one ! ” — presently they frowned
“ Get you gone, disengage you from our feet ! ”
I went in my despair to an old priest,
Only a friar, no great man like these two,
But good, the Augustinian, people name
Romano, — he confessed me two months since :
He fears God, why then needs he fear the world ?
And when he questioned how it came about
That I was found in danger of a sin —
Despair of any help from providence, —
“ Since, though your husband outrage you,” said he,
“ That is a case too common, the wives die
Or live, but do not sin so deep as this ” —
Then I told — what I never will tell you —
How, worse than husband’s hate, I had to bear
The love, — soliciting to shame called love, —
Of his brother, — the young idle priest i’ the house
With only the devil to meet there. “ This is grave —
Yes, we must interfere : I counsel, — write
To those who used to be your parents once,
Of dangers here, bid them convey you hence ! ”
“ But,” said I, “ when I neither read nor write ? ”
Then he took pity and promised “ I will write.”
If he did so, — why, they are dumb or dead :
Either they give no credit to the tale,
Or else, wrapped wholly up in their own joy
Of such escape, they care not who cries, still
I’ the clutches. Anyhow, no word arrives.
All such extravagance and dreadfulness

Seems incident to dreaming, cured one way, —
 Wake me ! The letter I received this morn,
 Said — if the woman spoke your very sense —
 “ You would die for me : ” I can believe it now :
 For now the dream gets to involve yourself.
 First of all, you seemed wicked and not good,
 In writing me those letters : you came in
 Like a thief upon me. I this morning said
 In my extremity, entreat the thief !
 Try if he have in him no honest touch !
 A thief might save me from a murderer.
 ’T was a thief said the last kind word to Christ :
 Christ took the kindness and forgave the theft :
 And so did I prepare what I now say.
 But now, that you stand and I see your face,
 Though you have never uttered word yet, — well, I know,
 Here too has been dream-work, delusion too,
 And that at no time, you with the eyes here,
 Ever intended to do wrong by me,
 Nor wrote such letters therefore. It is false.
 And you are true, have been true, will be true.
 To Rome then, — when is it you take me there ?
 Each minute lost is mortal.’

.

Sirs, I am quiet again. You see, we are
 So very pitiable, she and I,
 Who had conceivably been otherwise.
 Forget distemperature and idle heat !
 Apart from truth’s sake, what’s to move so much ?
 Pompilia will be presently with God ;
 I am, on earth, as good as out of it,
 A relegated priest ; when exile ends,
 I mean to do my duty and live long.
 She and I are mere strangers now : but priests
 Should study passion ; how else cure mankind,

Who come for help in passionate extremes?
 I do but play with an imagined life
 Of who, unfettered by a vow, unblessed
 By the higher call, — since you will have it so, —
 Leads it companioned by the woman there.
 To live, and see her learn, and learn by her,
 Out of the low obscure and petty world —
 Or only see one purpose and one will
 Evolve themselves i' the world, change wrong to right :
 To have to do with nothing but the true,
 The good, the eternal — and these, not alone
 In the main current of the general life,
 But small experiences of every day,
 Concerns of the particular hearth and home :
 To learn not only by a comet's rush
 But a rose's birth, — not by the grandeur, God —
 But the comfort, Christ. All this, how far away!
 Mere delectation, meet for a minute's dream! —
 Just as a drudging student trims his lamp,
 Opens his Plutarch, puts him in the place
 Of Roman, Grecian; draws the patched gown close,
 Dreams, ' Thus should I fight, save or rule the world ! ' —
 Then smilingly, contentedly, awakes
 To the old solitary nothingness.
 So I, from such communion, pass content. . . .
 O great, just, good God! Miserable me!

FROM BOOK VII., 'POMPILIA.'

You see, I will not have the service fail!
 I say, the angel saved me: I am safe!
 Others may want and wish, I wish nor want
 One point o' the circle plainer, where I stand
 Traced round about with white to front the world.
 What of the calumny I came across,
 What o' the way to the end? — the end crowns all.

The judges judged aright i' the main, gave me
The uttermost of my heart's desire, a truce
From torture and Arezzo, balm for hurt,
With the quiet nuns, — God recompense the good !
Who said and sang away the ugly past.
And, when my final fortune was revealed,
What safety, while, amid my parents' arms,
My babe was given me ! Yes, he saved my babe :
It would not have peeped forth, the bird-like thing,
Through that Arezzo noise and trouble : back
Had it returned nor ever let me see !
But the sweet peace cured all, and let me live
And give my bird the life among the leaves
God meant him ! Weeks and months of quietude,
I could lie in such peace and learn so much —
Begin the task, I see how needful now,
Of understanding somewhat of my past, —
Know life a little, I should leave so soon.
Therefore, because this man restored my soul,
All has been right ; I have gained my gain, enjoyed
As well as suffered, — nay, got foretaste too
Of better life beginning where this ends —
All through the breathing-while allowed me thus,
Which let good premonitions reach my soul
Unthwarted, and benignant influence flow
And interpenetrate and change my heart,
Uncrossed by what was wicked, — nay, unkind.
For, as the weakness of my time drew nigh,
Nobody did me one disservice more,
Spoke coldly or looked strangely, broke the love
I lay in the arms of, till my boy was born,
Born all in love, with nought to spoil the bliss
A whole long fortnight : in a life like mine
A fortnight filled with bliss is long and much.
All women are not mothers of a boy,
Though they live twice the length of my whole life,

And, as they fancy, happily all the same.
 There I lay, then, all my great fortnight long,
 As if it would continue, broaden out
 Happily more and more, and lead to heaven :
 Christmas before me, — was not that a chance ?
 I never realized God's birth before —
 How He grew likest God in being born.
 This time I felt like Mary, had my babe
 Lying a little on my breast like hers.

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Well, and there is more ! Yes, my end of breath
 Shall bear away my soul in being true !
 He is still here, not outside with the world,
 Here, here, I have him in his rightful place !
 'T is now, when I am most upon the move,
 I feel for what I verily find — again
 The face, again the eyes, again, through all,
 The heart and its immeasurable love
 Of my one friend, my only, all my own,
 Who put his breast between the spears and me.
 Ever with Caponsacchi ! Otherwise
 Here alone would be failure, loss to me —
 How much more loss to him, with life debarred
 From giving life, love locked from love's display,
 The day-star stopped its task that makes night morn !
 O lover of my life, O soldier-saint,
 No work begun shall ever pause for death !
 Love will be helpful to me more and more
 I' the coming course, the new path I must tread,
 My weak hand in thy strong hand, strong for that !
 Tell him that if I seem without him now,
 That 's the world's insight ! Oh, he understands !
 He is at Civita — do I once doubt
 The world again is holding us apart ?
 He had been here, displayed in my behalf

The broad brow that reverberates the truth,
And flashed the word God gave him, back to man!
I know where the free soul is flown! My fate
Will have been hard for even him to bear:
Let it confirm him in the trust of God,
Showing how holily he dared the deed!
And, for the rest, — say, from the deed, no touch
Of harm came, but all good, all happiness,
Not one faint fleck of failure! Why explain?
What I see, oh, he sees and how much more!
Tell him, — I know not wherefore the true word
Should fade and fall unuttered at the last —
It was the name of him I sprang to meet
When came the knock, the summons and the end.

‘My great heart, my strong hand are back again!’
I would have sprung to these, beckoning across
Murder and hell gigantic and distinct
O’ the threshold, posted to exclude me heaven:
He is ordained to call and I to come!
Do not the dead wear flowers when dressed for God?
Say, — I am all in flowers from head to foot!
Say, — not one flower of all he said and did,
Might seem to flit unnoticed, fade unknown,
But dropped a seed, has grown a balsam-tree
Whereof the blossoming perfumes the place
At this supreme of moments! He is a priest;
He cannot marry therefore, which is right:
I think he would not marry if he could.
Marriage on earth seems such a counterfeit,
Mere imitation of the inimitable:
In heaven we have the real and true and sure.
’T is there they neither marry nor are given
In marriage but are as the angels: right,
Oh how right that is, how like Jesus Christ
To say that! Marriage-making for the earth,

With gold so much, — birth, power, repute so much,
Or beauty, youth so much, in lack of these !
Be as the angels rather, who, apart,
Know themselves into one, are found at length
Married, but marry never, no, nor give
In marriage ; they are man and wife at once
When the true time is : here we have to wait
Not so long neither ! Could we by a wish
Have what we will and get the future now,
Would we wish aught done undone in the past ?
So, let him wait God's instant men call years ;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty ! Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise.

FROM BOOK X., 'THE POPE.'

O THOU, — as represented here to me
In such conception as my soul allows, —
Under Thy measureless, my atom width ! —
Man's mind, what is it but a convex glass
Wherein are gathered all the scattered points
Picked out of the immensity of sky,
To reunite there, be our heaven for earth,
Our known unknown, our God revealed to man ?
Existent somewhere, somehow, as a whole ;
Here, as a whole proportioned to our sense, —
There, (which is nowhere, speech must babble thus !)
In the absolute immensity, the whole
Appreciable solely by Thyself, —
Here, by the little mind of man, reduced
To littleness that suits his faculty,
In the degree appreciable too ;
Between Thee and ourselves — nay even, again,
Below us, to the extreme of the minute,

Appreciable by how many and what diverse
Modes of the life Thou madest be ! (why live
Except for love, — how love unless they know ?)
Each of them, only filling to the edge,
Insect or angel, his just length and breadth,
Due facet of reflection, — full, no less,
Angel or insect, as Thou framedst things.
I it is who have been appointed here
To represent Thee, in my turn, on earth,
Just as, if new philosophy know aught,
This one earth, out of all the multitude
Of peopled worlds, as stars are now supposed, —
Was chosen, and no sun-star of the swarm,
For stage and scene of Thy transcendent act
Beside which even the creation fades
Into a puny exercise of power.
Choice of the world, choice of the thing I am,
Both emanate alike from Thy dread play
Of operation outside this our sphere
Where things are classed and counted small or great, —
Incomprehensibly the choice is Thine !
I therefore bow my head and take Thy place.
There is, beside the works, a tale of Thee
In the world's mouth, which I find credible :
I love it with my heart : unsatisfied,
I try it with my reason, nor discept
From any point I probe and pronounce sound.
Mind is not matter nor from matter, but
Above, — leave matter then, proceed with mind !
Man's be the mind recognized at the height, —
Leave the inferior minds and look at man !
Is he the strong, intelligent and good
Up to his own conceivable height ? Nowise.
Enough o' the low, — soar the conceivable height,
Find cause to match the effect in evidence,
The work i' the world, not man's but God's ; leave man !

Conjecture of the worker by the work :
Is there strength there ? — enough : intelligence ?
Ample : but goodness in a like degree ?
Not to the human eye in the present state,
An isosceles deficient in the base.
What lacks, then, of perfection fit for God
But just the instance which this tale supplies
Of love without a limit ? So is strength,
So is intelligence ; let love be so,
Unlimited in its self-sacrifice,
Then is the tale true and God shows complete.
Beyond the tale, I reach into the dark,
Feel what I cannot see, and still faith stands :
I can believe this dread machinery
Of sin and sorrow, would confound me else,
Devised — all pain, at most expenditure
Of pain by Who devised pain — to evolve,
By new machinery in counterpart,
The moral qualities of man — how else ? —
To make him love in turn and be beloved,
Creative and self-sacrificing too,
And thus eventually God-like, (ay,
'I have said ye are Gods,' — shall it be said for nought ?)
Enable man to wring, from out all pain,
All pleasure for a common heritage
To all eternity : this may be surmised,
The other is revealed, — whether a fact,
Absolute, abstract, independent truth,
Historic, not reduced to suit man's mind, —
Or only truth reverberate, changed, made pass
A spectrum into mind, the narrow eye, —
The same and not the same, else unconceived —
Though quite conceivable to the next grade
Above it in intelligence, — as truth
Easy to man were blindness to the beast
By parity of procedure, — the same truth

In a new form, but changed in either case :
 What matter so intelligence be filled ?
 To a child, the sea is angry, for it roars :
 Frost bites, else why the tooth-like fret on face ?
 Man makes acoustics deal with the sea's wrath,
 Explains the choppy cheek by chemic law, —
 To man and child remains the same effect
 On drum of ear and root of nose, change cause
 Never so thoroughly : so my heart be struck,
 What care I, — by God's gloved hand or the bare ?
 Nor do I much perplex me with aught hard,
 Dubious in the transmitting of the tale, —
 No, nor with certain riddles set to solve.
 This life is training and a passage ; pass, —
 Still, we march over some flat obstacle
 We made give way before us ; solid truth
 In front of it, what motion for the world ?
 The moral sense grows but by exercise.
 'T is even as man grew probatively
 Initiated in Godship, set to make
 A fairer moral world than this he finds,
 Guess now what shall be known hereafter.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

GROW old along with me !
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made :
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all, nor be afraid !'
 Not that, amassing flowers,
 Youth sighed, 'Which rose make ours,
 Which lily leave and then as best recall !'
 Not that, admiring stars,

It yearned, 'Nor Jove, nor Mars ;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them
all !'

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate : folly wide the mark !
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast.
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men ;
Irks care the crop-full bird ? Frets doubt the maw-crammed
beast ?

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive !
A spark disturbs our clod :
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !
Be our joys three-parts pain !
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the throe !

For thence, — a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks, —
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me :
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test —
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use :
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn :
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole ;
Should not the heart beat once 'How good to live and
learn'?

Not once beat 'Praise be thine !
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too.
Perfect I call Thy plan :
Thanks that I was a man !
Maker, remake, complete, — I trust what Thou shalt do !'

For pleasant is this flesh ;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest :
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as we did best !

Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole !'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps
soul !'

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term :
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute ; a God though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new :
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby ;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold :
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame :
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old.

For, note when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray :
A whisper from the west
Shoots — ' Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth : here dies another day.'

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
' This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain :
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.'

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :

Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through acts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made :
 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedst age : wait death, nor be afraid !

Enough now, if the Right
 And Good and Infinite
 Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
 With knowledge absolute,
 Subject to no dispute
 From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
 Severed great minds from small,
 Announced to each his station in the Past !
 Was I, the world arraigned,
 Were they, my soul disdained,
 Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last !

Now, who shall arbitrate?
 Ten men love what I hate,
 Shun what I follow, slight what I receive ;
 Ten, who in ears and eyes
 Match me : we all surmise,
 They, this thing, and I, that : whom shall my soul believe ?

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called 'work' must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the price ;
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice :

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account:
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped:
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay, —
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
'Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize
to-day!'

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee, and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves
 Which ran the laughing loves
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press ?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Skull things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress ?

Look not thou down but up !
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash, and trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips aglow !
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with
 earth's wheel ?

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men !
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I, — to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colors rife,
 Bound dizzily, — mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst :

So, take and use Thy work,
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
 My times be in Thy hand !
 Perfect the cup as planned !
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !

WARING.⁸

I.

WHAT's become of Waring
 Since he gave us all the slip,
 Chose land-travel or seafaring,
 Boots and chest or staff and scrip,

Rather than pace up and down
Any longer London town ?

Who 'd have guessed it from his lip
Or his brow's accustomed bearing,
On the night he thus took ship
Or started landward ? — little caring
For us, it seems, who supped together
(Friends of his too, I remember)
And walked home thro' the merry weather,
The snowiest in all December.
I left his arm that night myself
For what's his-name's, the new prose-poet
Who wrote the book there, on the shelf —
How, forsooth, was I to know it
If Waring meant to glide away
Like a ghost at break of day ?
Never looked he half so gay !
He was prouder than the devil :
How he must have cursed our revel !
Ay and many other meetings,
Indoor visits, out-door greetings,
As up and down he paced this London,
With no work done, but great works undone,
Where scarce twenty knew his name.
Why not, then, have earlier spoken,
Written, bustled ? Who's to blame
If your silence kept unbroken ?
' True, but there were sundry jottings,
Stray-leaves, fragments, blurs and blottings,
Certain first steps were achieved
Already which ' — (is that your meaning ?)
' Had well borne out whoe'er believed
In more to come ! ' But who goes gleanings
Hedge-side chance-blades, while full-sheaved
Stand corn-fields by him ? Pride, o'erweening

Pride alone, puts forth such claims
O'er the day's distinguished names.
Meantime, how much I loved him
I find out now I've lost him.
I who cared not if I moved him,
Who could so carelessly accost him,
Henceforth never shall get free
Of his ghostly company.
His eyes that just a little wink
As deep I go into the merit
Of this and that distinguished spirit —
His cheeks' raised color, soon to sink,
As long I dwell on some stupendous
And tremendous (Heaven defend us!)
Monstr'-inform'-ingens-horrend-ous
Demoniac-seraphic
Penman's latest piece of graphic.
Nay, my very wrist grows warm
With his dragging weight of arm.
E'en so, swimmingly appears,
Through one's after-supper musings,
Some lost lady of old years
With her beauteous vain endeavor
And goodness unrepaid as ever;
The face, accustomed to refusings,
We, puppies that we were . . . Oh never
Surely, nice of conscience, scrupled
Being aught like false, forsooth, to?
Telling aught but honest truth to?
What a sin, had we centupled
Its possessor's grace and sweetness!
No! she heard in its completeness
Truth, for truth's a weighty matter,
And truth, at issue, we can't flatter!
Well, 't is done with; she's exempt
From damning us thro' such a sally;

And so she glides, as down a valley,
Taking up with her contempt,
Past our reach ; and in the flowers
Shut her unregarded hours.

Oh, could I have him back once more,
This Waring, but one half-day more !
Back, with the quiet face of yore,
So hungry for acknowledgment
Like mine ! I 'd fool him to his bent.
Feed, should not he, to heart's content ?
I 'd say, ' to only have conceived,
Planned your great works, apart from progress,
Surpasses little works achieved ! ' .
I 'd lie so, I should be believed
I 'd make such havoc of the claims
Of the day's distinguished names
To feast him with, as feasts an ogress
Her feverish sharp-toothed gold-crowned child !
Or as one feasts a creature rarely
Captured here, unreconciled
To capture ; and completely gives
Its pettish humors license, barely
Requiring that it lives.

Ichabod, Ichabod,
The glory is departed !
Travels Waring East away ?
Who, of knowledge, by hearsay,
Reports a man upstarted
Somewhere as a god,
Hordes grown European-hearted,
Millions of the wild made tame
On a sudden at his fame ?
In Vishnu-land what Avatar ?
Or who in Moscow, toward the Czar,

With the demurest of footfalls
Over the Kremlin's pavement bright
With serpentine and syenite,
Steps, with five other Generals
That simultaneously take snuff,
For each to have pretext enough
And kerchiefwise unfold his sash
Which, softness' self, is yet the stuff
To hold fast where a steel chain snaps,
And leave the grand white neck no gash?
Waring in Moscow, to those rough
Cold northern natures borne perhaps,
Like the lambwhite maiden dear
From the circle of mute kings
Unable to repress the tear,
Each as his sceptre down he flings,
To Dian's fane at Taurica,
Where now a captive priestess, she alway
Mingles her tender grave Hellenic speech
With theirs, tuned to the hailstone-beaten beach,
As pours some pigeon, from the myrrhy lands
Rapt by the whirlblast to fierce Scythian strands
Where breed the swallows, her melodious cry
Amid their barbarous twitter!
In Russia? Never! Spain were fitter!
Ay, most likely 't is in Spain
That we and Waring meet again
Now, while he turns down that cool narrow lane
Into the blackness, out of grave Madrid
All fire and shine, abrupt as when there 's slid
Its stiff gold blazing pall
From some black coffin-lid.
Or, best of all,
I love to think
The leaving us was just a feint;
Back here to London did he slink,

And now works on without a wink
Of sleep, and we are on the brink
Of something great in fresco-paint :
Some garret's ceiling, walls and floor,
Up and down and o'er and o'er
He splashes, as none splashed before
Since great Caldara Polidore.
Or Music means this land of ours
Some favor yet, to pity won
By Purcell from his Rosy Bowers, —
' Give me my so-long promised son,
Let Waring end what I begun !'
Then down he creeps and out he steals
Only when the night conceals
His face ; in Kent 't is cherry-time,
Or hops are picking : or at prime
Of March he wanders as, too happy,
Years ago when he was young,
Some mild eve when woods grew sappy
And the early moths had sprung
To life from many a trembling sheath
Woven the warm boughs beneath ;
While small birds said to themselves
What should soon be actual song,
And young gnats, by tens and twelves,
Made as if they were the throng
That crowd around and carry aloft
The sound they have nursed, so sweet and pure,
Out of a myriad noises soft,
Into a tone that can endure
Amid the noise of a July noon
When all God's creatures crave their boon,
All at once and all in tune,
And get it, happy as Waring then,
Having first within his ken
What a man might do with men :

And far too glad, in the even-glow,
 To mix with the world he meant to take
 Into his hand, he told you, so —
 And out of it his world to make,
 To contract and to expand
 As he shut or oped his hand.
 Oh Waring, what 's to really be?
 A clear stage and a crowd to see!
 Some Garrick, say, out shall not he
 The heart of Hamlet's mystery pluck?
 Or, where most unclean beasts are rife,
 Some Junius — am I right? — shall tuck
 His sleeve, and forth with flaying-knife!
 Some Chatterton shall have the luck
 Of calling Rowley into life!
 Some one shall somehow run amuck
 With this old world for want of strife
 Sound asleep. Contrive, contrive
 To rouse us, Waring! Who 's alive?
 Our men scarce seem in earnest now.
 Distinguished names! — but 't is, somehow,
 As if they played at being names
 Still more distinguished, like the games
 Of children. Turn our sport to earnest
 With a visage of the sternest!
 Bring the real times back, confessed
 Still better than our very best!

II.

'When I last saw Waring . . .'
 (How all turned to him who spoke!
 You saw Waring? Truth or joke?
 In land-travel or sea-faring?)

'We were sailing by Triest
 Where a day or two we harbored:

A sunset was in the West,
When, looking over the vessel's side,
One of our company espied
A sudden speck to larboard.
And as a sea-duck flies and swims
At once, so came the light craft up,
With its sole lateen sail that trims
And turns (the water round its rims
Dancing, as round a sinking cup)
And by us like a fish it curled,
And drew itself up close beside,
Its great sail on the instant furled,
And o'er its thwarts a shrill voice cried,
(A neck as bronzed as a Lascar's)
"Buy wine of us, you English Brig?
Or fruit, tobacco and cigars?
A pilot for you to Triest?
Without one, look you ne'er so big,
They'll never let you up the bay!
We natives should know best."
I turned, and "just those fellows' way,"
Our captain said; "The 'long-shore thieves
Are laughing at us in their sleeves."

'In truth, the boy leaned laughing back;
And one, half-hidden by his side
Under the furled sail, soon I spied,
With great grass hat and kerchief black,
Who looked up with his kingly throat,
Said somewhat, while the other shook
His hair back from his eyes to look
Their longest at us; then the boat,
I know not how, turned sharply round,
Laying her whole side on the sea
As a leaping fish does; from the lee
Into the weather, cut somehow

Her sparkling path beneath our bow,
 And so went off, as with a bound,
 Into the rosy and golden half
 Of the sky, to overtake the sun
 And reach the shore, like the sea-calf
 Its singing cave ; yet I caught one
 Glance ere away the boat quite passed,
 And neither time nor toil could mar
 Those features : so I saw the last
 Of Waring ! ' — You ? Oh, never star
 Was lost here but it rose afar !
 Look East, where whole new thousands are !
 In Vishnu-land what Avatar ?

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass ;
 Little has yet been changed, I think :
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass
 Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name ;
 It was not her time to love ; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
 Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir,
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares, —
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope ?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew —
And, just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told ?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside ?

No, indeed ! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love :
I claim you still, for my own love's sake !
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few :
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, — at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay ?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red —
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me :
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !
What is the issue ? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while !
My heart seemed full as it could hold ;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So hush, — I will give you this leaf to keep :
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand !
There, that is our secret : go to sleep !
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, ' My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,' —
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect —

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!' The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
'You're wounded!' — 'Nay,' the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
'I'm killed, Sire!' And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

THE LOST LEADER.⁹

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others, she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,

Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die !
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their
 graves !

He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

We shall march prospering, — not through his presence ;
Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre ;
Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire ;
Blot out his name, then ; record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !
Life's night begins : let him never come back to us !
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again !
Best fight on well, for we taught him — strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own ;
Then let him receive the new knowledge, and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FROM 'AURORA LEIGH.'¹⁰*BOOKS.*

FROM BOOK I.

THE world of books is still the world, I write ;
And both worlds have God's providence, thank God,
To keep and hearten. With some strnggle, indeed,
Among the breakers, some hard swimming through
The deeps, I lost breath in my soul sometimes,
And cried, ' God save me if there 's any God ! '
But, even so, God saved me ; and being dashed
From error on to error, every turn
Still brought me nearer to the central truth.

I thought so. All this anguish in the thick
Of men's opinions — press and counterpress,
Now up, now down, now underfoot, and now
Emergent — all the best of it, perhaps,
But throws you back upon a noble trust
And use of your own instinct, — merely proves
Pure reason stronger than bare inference
At strongest. Try it, — fix against heaven's wall
Your scaling-ladders of school logic, mount
Step by step ! — sight goes faster ; that still ray
Which strikes out from you, how, you cannot tell,
And why, you know not, (did you eliminate,
That such as you indeed should analyze ?)
Goes straight and fast as light, and high as God.
The cygnet finds the water ; but the man

Is born in ignorance of his element,
And feels out, blind, at first, disorganized
By sin i' the blood, his spirit-insight dulled
And crossed by his sensations. Presently
He feels it quicken in the dark sometimes,
When mark, be reverent, be obedient,
For such dumb motions of imperfect life
Are oracles of vital Deity,
Attesting the Hereafter. Let who says
'The soul's a clean white paper,' rather say,
A palimpsest, a prophet's holograph,
Defiled, erased, and covered by a monk's, —
The apocalypse, by a Longus ! poring on
Which obscene text, we may discern perhaps,
Some fair, fine trace of what was written once,
Some upstroke of an alpha and omega
Expressing the old Scripture.

GOOD PEOPLE.

FROM BOOK IV.

DISTRUST that word.
'There is none good save God,' said Jesus Christ.
If he once, in the first creation-week,
Called creatures good, — for ever afterward,
The Devil only has done it, and his heirs,
The knaves who win so, and the fools who lose :
The world's grown dangerous. In the middle age
I think they called malignant fays and imps
Good people. A good neighbor, even in this,
Is fatal sometimes, cuts your morning up
To mince-meat of the very smallest talk,
Then helps to sugar her bohea at night
With your reputation. I have known good wives,
As chaste, or nearly so, as Potiphar's ;

And good, good mothers, who would use a child
 To better an intrigue; good friends, beside,
 (Very good) who hung succinctly round your neck
 And sucked your breath, as cats are fabled to do
 By sleeping infants. And we all have known
 Good critics who have stamped out poet's hopes,
 Good statesmen who pulled ruin on the state,
 Good patriots who for a theory risked a cause,
 Good kings who disembowelled for a tax,
 Good popes who brought all good to jeopardy,
 Good Christians who sate still in easy chairs
 And damned the general world for standing up.
 Now may the good God pardon all good men!

THE AGE.

FROM BOOK V.

AY; but every age
 Appears to souls who live in 't (ask Carlyle)
 Most unheroic. Ours, for instance, ours —
 The thinkers scout it, and the poets abound
 Who scorn to touch it with a finger-tip —
 A pewter age, mixed metal, silver-washed —
 An age of scum, spooned off the richer past, —
 An age of patches for old gaberdines,
 An age of mere transition, meaning nought
 Except that what succeeds must shame it quite
 If God please. That's wrong thinking, to my mind,
 And wrong thoughts make poor poems.

Every age,
 Through being beheld too close, is ill discerned
 By those who have not lived past it. We'll suppose
 Mount Athos carved, as Alexander schemed,
 To some colossal statue of a man.

The peasants, gathering brushwood in his ear,
 Had guessed as little as the browsing goats
 Of form or feature of humanity
 Up there, — in fact, had travelled five miles off
 Or ere the giant image broke on them,
 Full human profile, nose and chin distinct,
 Mouth muttering rhythms of silence up the sky,
 And fed at evening with the blood of suns ;
 Grand torso, — hand that flung perpetually
 The largesse of a silver river down
 To all the country pastures. 'T is even thus
 With times we live in, — evermore too great
 To be apprehended near.

But poets should

Exert a double vision ; should have eyes
 To see near things as comprehensively
 As if afar they took their point of sight,
 And distant things as intimately deep
 As if they touched them. Let us strive for this.
 I do distrust the poet who discerns
 No character or glory in his times,
 And trundles back his soul five hundred years,
 Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle-court,
 To sing — oh, not of lizard or of toad
 Alive i' the ditch there, — 't were excusable,
 But of some black chief, half knight, half sheep-lifter,
 Some beauteous dame, half chattel and half queen,
 As dead as must be, for the greater part,
 The poems made on their chivalric bones ;
 And that 's no wonder : death inherits death.

Nay, if there 's room for poets in this world
 A little overgrown, (I think here is)
 Their sole work is to represent the age,
 Their age, not Charlemagne's, — this live, throbbing age.
 That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires,

And spends more passion, more heroic heat,
Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms,
Than Roland with his knights at Roncesvalles.
To flinch from modern varnish, coat, or flounce,
Cry out for togas and the picturesque,
Is fatal, — foolish too. King Arthur's self
Was commonplace to Lady Guinevere ;
And Camelot to minstrels seemed as flat,
As Fleet Street to our poets.

MARIAN'S CHILD.

FROM BOOK VI.

THERE he lay upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples, — to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face ;
For since he had been covered over-much
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away into
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant : in the pretty baby-mouth,
Shut close, as if for dreaming that it sucked ;
The little naked feet, drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings ; everything so soft
And tender, — to the tiny holdfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of 't.

While we stood there dumb ;
For oh, that it should take such innocence
To prove just guilt, I thought, and stood there dumb, —
The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,
And staring out at us with all their blue,

As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence, gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there, never moved,
But smiled on in a drowse of ecstasy,
So happy (half with her, and half with heaven)
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,
But smiled and lay there. Like a rose, I said?
As red and still indeed as any rose,
That blows in all the silence of its leaves,
Content, in blowing, to fulfil its life.

THE CONDITIONS OF TRUE ART.

FROM BOOK VII.

TRUTH, so far, in my book, — the truth which draws
Through all things upwards, — that a twofold world
Must go to a perfect cosmos. Natural things
And spiritual, — who separates those two
In art, in morals, or the social drift,
Tears up the bond of nature, and brings death,
Paints futile pictures, writes unreal verse,
Leads vulgar days, deals ignorantly with men,
Is wrong, in short, at all points. We divide
This apple of life, and cut it through the pips :
The perfect round which fitted Venus' hand
Has perished as utterly as if we ate
Both halves. Without the spiritual, observe,
The natural's impossible, no form,
No motion : without sensuous, spiritual
Is inappreciable, no beauty or power.
And in this twofold sphere the twofold man

(For still the artist is intensely a man)
Holds firmly by the natural to reach
The spiritual beyond it, fixes still
The type with mortal vision to pierce through,
With eyes immortal to the ante-type
Some call the ideal, better called the real,
And certain to be called so presently,
When things shall have their names. Look long enough
On any peasant's face here, coarse and lined,
You'll catch Antinous somewhere in that clay,
As perfect-featured as he yearns at Rome
From marble pale with beauty; then persist,
And, if your apprehension's competent,
You'll find some fairer angel at his back,
As much exceeding him as he the boor,
And pushing him with imperial disdain
For ever out of sight. Ay, Carrington
Is glad of such a creed: an artist must,
Who paints a tree, a leaf, a common stone,
With just his hand, and finds it suddenly
A piece with and conterminous to his soul.
Why else do these things move him, — leaf, or stone?
The bird's not moved, that pecks at a spring-shoot;
Nor yet the horse, before a quarry agaze:
But man, the twofold creature, apprehends
The twofold manner, in and outwardly,
And nothing in the world comes single to him,
A mere itself, — cup, column, or candlestick,
All patterns of what shall be in the Mount;
The whole temporal show related royally,
And built up to eterne significance
Through the open arms of God. 'There's nothing great
Nor small,' has said a poet of our day,
Whose voice will ring beyond the curfew of eve,
And not be thrown out by the matin's bell:
And truly, I reiterate, Nothing's small!

No lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee,
But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;
No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere;
No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim;
And (glancing on my own thin, veined wrist)
In such a little tremor of the blood
The whole strong clamor of a vehement soul
Doth utter itself distinct. Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware
More and more from the first similitude.

Truth, so far, in my book! — a truth which draws
From all things upward. I, Aurora, still
Have felt it hound me through the wastes of life
As Jove did Io; and until that hand
Shall overtake me wholly, and on my head
Lay down its large unfluctuating peace,
The feverish gad-fly pricks me up and down.
It must be. Art's the witness of what is
Behind this show. If this world's show were all,
Then imitation would be all in Art.
There Jove's hand gripes us! for we stand here, we,
If genuine artists, witnessing for God's
Complete, consummate, undivided work!
— That every natural flower which grows on earth
Implies a flower upon the spiritual side,
Substantial, archetypal, all aglow
With blossoming causes, — not so far away,
But we whose spirit-sense is somewhat cleared,
May catch at something of the bloom and breath, —
Too vaguely apprehended, though, indeed,
Still apprehended, consciously or not,
And still transferred to picture, music, verse,

For thrilling audient and beholding souls
By signs and touches which are known to souls.
How known, they know not; why, they cannot find:
So straight call out on genius, say, 'A man
Produced this,' when much rather they should say,
'T is insight, and he saw this.'

FROM 'CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.'¹¹

FROM PART I.

I HEARD last night a little child go singing
 'Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,
'*O bella libertà, O bella!*' stringing
 The same words still on notes, he went in search
So high for, you concluded the upspringing
 Of such a nimble bird to sky from perch
Must leave the whole bush in a tremble green,
 And that the heart of Italy must beat,
While such a voice had leave to rise serene
 'Twixt church and palace of a Florence street:
A little child, too, who not long had been
 By mother's fingers steadied on his feet,
And still '*O bella libertà*' he sang.

FROM PART II.

I WROTE a meditation and a dream,
 Hearing a little child sing in the street:
I leant upon his music as a theme,
 Till it gave way beneath my heart's full beat
Which tried at an exultant prophecy,
 But dropped before the measure was complete —
Alas for songs and hearts! O Tuscany,
 O Dante's Florence, is the type too plain?

Didst thou, too, only sing of liberty,
 As little children take up a high strain
 With unintentioned voices, and break off
 To sleep upon their mothers' knees again?
 Couldst thou not watch one hour? Then sleep enough,
 That sleep may hasten manhood, and sustain
 The faint, pale spirit with some muscular stuff.

But we who cannot slumber as thou dost;
 We thinkers, who have thought for thee, and failed;
 We hopers, who have hoped for thee, and lost;
 We poets, wandered round by dreams, who hailed
 From this Atrides' roof (with lintel-post
 Which stills drips blood, — the worse part hath prevailed)
 The fire-voice of the beacons to declare
 Troy taken, sorrow ended, — cozened through
 A crimson sunset in a misty air,
 What now remains for such as we to do?
 God's judgments, peradventure, will he bare
 To the roots of thunder, if we kneel and sue?

From Casa Guidi windows I looked forth,
 And saw ten thousand eyes of Florentines
 Flash back the triumph of the Lombard north, —
 Saw fifty banners, freighted with the signs
 And exultations of the awakened earth,
 Float on above the multitude in lines,
 Straight to the Pitti. So, the vision went.
 And so, between those populous rough hands
 Raised in the sun, Duke Leopold outleant,
 And took the patriot's oath, which henceforth stands
 Among the oaths of perjurers, eminent
 To catch the lightnings ripened for these lands.

.

The sun strikes through the windows, up the floor;
 Stand out in it, my own young Florentine,

Not two years old, and let me see thee more !
It grows along thy amber curls, to shine
Brighter than elsewhere. Now, look straight before,
And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,
And from my soul, which fronts the future so,
With unabashed and unabated gaze,
Teach me to hope for, what the angels know
When they smile clear as thou dost. Down God's ways
With just alighted feet, between the snow
And snowdrops, where a little lamb may graze,
Thou hast no fear, my lamb, about the road,
Albeit in our vain-glory we assume
That, less than we have, thou hast learnt of God.
Stand out, my blue-eyed prophet ! — thou to whom
The earliest world-day light that ever flowed,
Through Casa Guidi windows chanced to come !
Now shake the glittering nimbus of thy hair,
And be God's witness that the elemental
New springs of life are gushing everywhere
To cleanse the water-courses, and prevent all
Concrete obstructions which infest the air !
That earth 's alive, and gentle or ungentle
Motions within her signify but growth ! —
The ground swells greenest o'er the laboring moles.
Howe'er the uneasy world is vexed and wroth,
Young children, lifted high on parent souls,
Look round them with a smile upon the mouth,
And take for music every bell that tolls ;
(WHO said we should be better if like these ?)
But *we* sit murmuring for the future, though
Posterity is smiling on our knees,
Convicting us of folly. Let us go —
We will trust God. The blank interstices
Men take for ruins, He will build into
With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
With generous arches, till the fane's complete.

This world has no perdition, if some loss.
 Such cheer I gather from thy smiling, sweet !
 The selfsame cherub-faces which emboss
 The Vail, lean inward to the Mercy-seat.

FROM 'SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.'¹²

I.

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
 Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
 Who each one in a gracious hand appears
 To bear a gift for mortals, old or young ;
 And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
 I saw in gradual vision, through my tears,
 The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
 Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
 A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
 So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair ;
 And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,
 ' Guess now who holds thee ? ' — ' Death,' I said. But there
 The silver answer rang, ' Not Death, but Love.'

IV.

Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor,
 Most gracious singer of high poems, where
 The dancers will break footing, from the care
 Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.
 And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor
 For hand of thine ? and canst thou think, and bear
 To let thy music drop here unaware
 In folds of golden fulness at my door ?
 Look up, and see the casement broken in,
 The bats and owlets builders in the roof !

My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.
Hush, call no echo up in further proof
Of desolation! there's a voice within
That weeps — as thou must sing — alone, aloof.

V.

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,
As once Electra her sepulchral urn,
And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn
The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me,
And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn
Through the ashen grayness. If thy foot in scorn
Could tread them out to darkness utterly,
It might be well, perhaps. But if, instead,
Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow
The gray dust up — those laurels on thine head,
O my belovèd, will not shield thee so,
That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred
The hair beneath. Stand farther off, then! Go.

VI.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore, —
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And, when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

VII.

The face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh, still, beside me as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,
And praise its sweetness, sweet, with thee anear
The names of country, heaven, are changed away
For where thou art or shalt be, there or here ;
And this — this lute and song — loved yesterday,
(The singing angels know) are only dear
Because thy name moves right in what they say.

X.

Yet love, mere love, is beautiful indeed,
And worthy of acceptance. Fire is bright,
Let temple burn, or flax : an equal light
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed :
And love is fire. And when I say at need
I love thee — mark ! — *I love thee* — in thy sight
I stand transfigured, glorified aright,
With conscience of the new rays that proceed
Out of my face toward thine. There 's nothing low
In love, when love the lowest : meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.
And what I *feel*, across the inferior features
Of what I *am*, doth flash itself, and show
How that great work of love enhances Nature's.

XII.

Indeed, this very love which is my boast,
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow

To draw men's eyes, and prove the inner cost, —
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,
I should not love withal, unless that thou
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were crost,
And love called love. And thus I cannot speak
Of love even, as a good thing of my own ;
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak,
And placed it by thee on a golden throne, —
And that I love (O soul ! we must be meek)
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

XIV.

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
'I love her for her smile, her look, her way
Of speaking gently, for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day ;'
For these things in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee ; and love so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry :
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

XVIII.

I never gave a lock of hair away
To a man, dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length, and say,
'Take it.' My day of youth went yesterday.
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,

As girls do, any more : it only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears
Would take this first ; but love is justified, —
Take it thou, finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

XX.

Belovèd, my belovèd, when I think
That thou wast in the world a year ago,
What time I sate alone here in the snow,
And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink
No moment at thy voice, but, link by link,
Went counting all my chains as if that so
They never could fall off at any blow
Struck by thy possible hand, — why, thus I drink
Of life's great cup of wonder ! Wonderful,
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night
With personal act or speech, nor ever cull
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white
Thou sawest growing !. Atheists are as dull,
Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight.

XXIII.

Is it indeed so ? If I lay here dead,
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine ?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine,
Because of grave-damps falling round my head ?
I marvelled, my belovèd, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine —
But — so much to thee ? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble ? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
Then love me, Love ! look on me, breathe on me !
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,

For love, to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of heaven, for earth with thee !

XXVIII.

My letters ! all dead paper, mute and white !
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string,
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
This said, he wished to have me in his sight
Once, as a friend ; this fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand — a simple thing,
Yet I wept for it ; this — the paper's light —
Said, *Dear, I love thee ;* and I sank and quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past.
This said, *I am thine*, and so its ink has paled
With lying at my heart that beat too fast ;
And this — O love, thy words have ill availed
If what this said I dared repeat at last !

XXX.

I see thine image through my tears to-night,
And yet to-day I saw thee smiling. How
Refer the cause ? Belovèd, is it thou
Or I who makes me sad ? The acolyte,
Amid the chanted joy and thankful rite,
May so fall flat, with pale insensate brow,
On the altar-stair. I hear thy voice and vow,
Perplexed, uncertain, since thou art out of sight,
As he, in his swooning ears, the choir's amen.
Belovèd, dost thou love ? or did I see all
The glory as I dreamed, and fainted when
Too vehement light dilated my ideal,
For my soul's eyes ? Will that light come again,
As now these tears come falling hot and real ?

XXXII.

The first time that the sun rose on thine oath
To love me, I looked forward to the moon
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;
And, looking on myself, I seemed not one
For such man's love! — more like an out-of-tune
Worn viol a good singer would be wroth
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste,
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.
I did not wrong myself so; but I placed
A wrong on *thee*. For perfect strains may float
'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced,
And great souls at one stroke may do and doat.

XXXV.

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
When I look up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors, — another home than this?
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
That's hardest. If to conquer love has tried,
To conquer grief tries more, as all things prove;
For grief, indeed, is love and grief beside.
Alas! I have grieved so, I am hard to love.
Yet love me, wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

XXXVIII.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;

And ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its 'O list !'
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. Oh beyond meed !
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state ; since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, ' My love, my own.'

XLIII.

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life ; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

XLIV.

Belovèd, thou hast brought me many flowers
Plucked in the garden all the summer through
And winter ; and it seemed as if they grew
In this close room, nor missed the sun and showers.
So, in the like name of that love of ours,
Take back these thoughts which here unfolded too,

And which on warm and cold days I withdrew
 From my heart's ground. Indeed, those beds and bowers
 Be overgrown with bitter weeds and rue,
 And wait thy weeding ; yet here 's eglantine,
 Here 's ivy ! take them as I used to do
 Thy flowers, and keep them where they shall not pine.
 Instruct thine eyes to keep their colors true,
 And tell thy soul their roots are left in mine.

FROM 'CROWNED AND BURIED.'¹³

O WILD St. Helen ! very still she kept him,
 With a green willow for all pyramid,
 Which stirred a little if the low wind did,
 A little more, if pilgrims overwept him,
 Disparting the lithe boughs to see the clay
 Which seemed to cover his for judgment-day.

Nay, not so long ! France kept her old affection
 As deeply as the sepulchre the corse ;
 Until, dilated by such love's remorse
 To a new angel of the resurrection,
 She cried, ' Behold, thou England ! I would have
 The dead whereof thou wottest, from that grave.'

And England answered in the courtesy
 Which, ancient foes turned lovers, may befit, —
 ' Take back thy dead ! and, when thou buriest it,
 Throw in all former strifes 'twixt thee and me.'
 Amen, mine England ! 't is a courteous claim :
 But ask a little room too — for thy shame !

Because it was not well, it was not well,
 Nor tuneful with thy lofty-chanted part
 Among the Oceanides, — that heart
 To bind and bare and vex with vulture fell.
 I would, my noble England, men might seek
 All crimson stains upon thy breast — not cheek !

I would that hostile fleets had scarred Torbay,
Instead of the lone ship which waited moored
Until thy princely purpose was assured,
Then left a shadow, not to pass away —
Not for to-night's moon, nor to-morrow's sun :
Green watching hills, ye witnessed what was done !

But since it *was* done, — in sepulchral dust
We fain would pay back something of our debt
To France, if not to honor, and forget
How through much fear we falsified the trust
Of a fallen foe and exile. We return
Orestes to Electra — in his urn.

A little urn — a little dust inside,
Which once outbalanced the large earth, albeit
To-day a four-years' child might carry it
Sleek-browed and smiling, 'Let the burden 'bide !'
Orestes to Electra ! — O fair town
Of Paris, how the wild tears will run down

And run back in the chariot-marks of time,
When all the people shall come forth to meet
The passive victor, death-still in the street
He rode through 'mid the shouting and bell-chime,
And martial music, under eagles which
Dyed their rapacious beaks at Austerlitz !

Napoleon ! — he hath come again, borne home
Upon the popular ebbing heart, — a sea
Which gathers its own wrecks perpetually,
Majestically moaning. Give him room !
Room for the dead in Paris ! welcome solemn
And grave-deep 'neath the cannon-moulded column !

There, weapon-spent and warrior-spent, may rest
From roar of fields, — provided Jupiter
Dare trust Saturnus to lie down so near

His bolts! — and this he may ; for, dispossessed
Of any godship lies the godlike arm —
The goat Jove sucked as likely to do harm.

And yet — Napoleon! — the recovered name
Shakes the old casements of the world ; and we
Look out upon the passing pageantry,
Attesting that the Dead makes good his claim
To a French grave, — another kingdom won,
The last, of few spans — by Napoleon.

Blood fell like dew beneath his sunrise — sooth !
But glittered dew-like in the covenanted
Meridian light. He was a despot — granted !
But the *avros* of his autocratic mouth
Said yea i' the people's French : he magnified
The image of the freedom he denied.

And if they asked for rights, he made reply,
'Ye have my glory !' — and so, drawing round them
His ample purple, glorified and bound them
In an embrace that seemed identity.
He ruled them like a tyrant — true ! but none
Were ruled like slaves : each felt Napoleon.

I do not praise this man : the man was flawed
For Adam — much more, Christ ! — his knee unbent,
His hand unclean, his aspiration pent
Within a sword-sweep — pshaw ! — but, since he had
The genius to be loved, why, let him have
The justice to be honored in his grave.

I think this nation's tears thus poured together
Better than shouts. I think this funeral
Grander than crownings, though a pope bless all.
I think this grave stronger than thrones. But, whether
The crowned Napoleon or the buried clay
Be worthier, I discern not : angels may.

THE FORCED RECRUIT.

SOLFERINO, 1859.

IN the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see) never was loaded,
He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands; —
'Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

'Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me,
This badge of the Austrian away!'

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side —

One tricolor floating above them ;
 Struck down mid triumphant acclaims
 Of an Italy rescued to love them
 And brazen the brass with their names.

But he, without witness or honor,
 Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
 With the tyrants who march in upon her,
 Died faithful and passive : 't was hard.

'T was sublime. In a cruel restriction
 Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
 With most filial obedience, conviction,
 His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you ? Nay, grudge not to show it,
 While digging a grave for him here :
 The others who died, says your poet,
 Have glory, — let *him* have a tear.

THE SLEEP.

He giveth His belovèd sleep. — *Psalm cxxvii. 2.*

OF all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward into souls afar
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this, —
 'He giveth His belovèd sleep' ?

What would we give to our beloved ?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
 The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
 The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
 The monarch's crown to light the brows ? —
 He giveth His belovèd sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
He giveth His beloved sleep.

‘Sleep soft, beloved!’ we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o’er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the wold
I think their happy smile is *heard*,
‘He giveth His beloved sleep.’

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,

That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth His belovèd sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall !
He giveth His belovèd sleep.'

RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

FROM 'ORION.'¹⁴*THE HUNT OF ARTEMIS.*

FROM BOOK I., CANTO I.

YE rocky heights of Chios, where the snow,
Lit by the far-off and receding moon,
Now feels the soft dawn's purpling twilight creep
Over your ridges, while the mystic dews
Swarm down, and wait to be instinct with gold
And solar fire! — ye mountains waving brown
With thick-winged woods, and blotted with deep caves
In secret places; and ye paths that stray
E'en as ye list; what odors and what sighs
Tend your sweet silence through the star-showered night,
Like memories breathing of the Goddess forms
That left your haunts, yet with the day return!

And still more distant through the gray sky floats
The faint blue fragment of the dead moon's shell;
Not dead indeed, but vacant, since 't is now
Left by its bright Divinity. The snows
On steepest heights grave tints of dawn receive,
And mountains from the misty woodland rise
More clear of outline, while thick vapors curl
From off the valley streams, and spread away,
Till one by one the brooks and pools unveil
Their cold blue mirrors. From the great repose
What echoes now float on the listening air —
Now die away — and now again ascend,
Soft ringing from the valleys, caves, and groves,

Beyond the reddening heights? 'T is Artemis come
 With all her buskined Nymphs and sylvan rout,
 To scare the silence and the sacred shades,
 And with dim music break their rapturous trance!

But soon the music swells, and as the gleam
 Of sunrise tips the summits tremblingly,
 And the dense forests on their sides exchange
 Shadows opaque for warm transparent tones,
 Though still of depth and grandeur, nearer grows
 The revelry; and echoes multiply
 Behind the rocks and uplands, with the din
 Of reed-pipe, timbrel, and clear silver horns,
 With cry of Wood-nymphs, Fauns, and chasing hounds.

NOON.

FROM BOOK I., CANTO II.

THERE was a slumb'rous silence in the air,
 By noon-tide's sultry murmurs from without
 Made more oblivious. Not a pipe was heard
 From field or wood; but the grave beetle's drone
 Passed near the entrance; once the cuckoo called
 O'er distant meads, and once a horn began
 Melodious plaint, then died away. A sound
 Of murmurous music yet was in the breeze,
 For silver gnats that harp on glassy strings,
 And rise and fall in sparkling clouds, sustained
 Their dizzy dances o'er the seething meads.

ORION'S DISCONTENT.

FROM BOOK I., CANTO III.

MIDST chequered sunbeams through the glancing woods
 No more Orion hunted; from the dawn
 Till eve, within some lonely grot he sat,
 His thoughts reviewing, or beneath a rock

Stood, back reclined, and watching the slow clouds,
As doth a shepherd in a vacant mood.
Oft to some highest peak would he ascend,
And gaze below upon his giant friends,
Who looked like moving spots, — so dark and small;
And oft, upon some green cliff ledge reclined,
Watch with sad eye the jocund chase afar
In the green landscape, where the quivering line
Led by the stag — who drew its rout behind
Of woodland shapes, confused as were their cries,
And sparkling bodies of fleet-chasing hounds, —
Passed like a magic picture, and was gone.
His husbandry soon ceased; he hated toil
Unvaried, ending always in itself,
And to the Goddess pleaded thoughtful hours
For his excuse, and indolent self disgust.
Small profit found his thought; his sympathies
Were driven inward and corroded there.

Sometimes he wandered to the lowland fens,
Where the wild mares toss their sharp manes i' the blast,
And scour through washy reeds and hollows damp —
Hardened in after-ages by long droughts —
And midst the elements he sought relief
From inward tempests. Once for many hours,
In silence, only broken from afar
By the deep lowing of some straying herd,
Moveless and without speech he watched a hind
Weeding a marsh; a brutish clog, half built,
Hog-faced and hog-backed with his daily toil,
Muddled and soot-stained by the steaming ooze,
As he himself were some unnatural growth;
Who yet, at times, whistled through broken fangs —
'Happier than I, this hind,' Orion thought.

Once tow'ards the city outskirts strayed his steps,
With a half purpose some relief to seek

Midst haunts of men, and on the way he met
A mastic-sifter with his fresh oiled face.
'O friend,' Orion said, 'why dost thou walk
With shining cheek so sadly in the sun?'
Sighing, the melancholy man replied: —
'The lentisk-trees have ceased to shed their gums;
Their tears are changed for mine, since by that tree
Myself and children live. My toil stands still.
Hard lot for man, who something hath within
More than a tree, and higher than its top,
Or circling clouds, to live by a mere root
And its dark graspings! Clearly I see this,
And know how 't is that toil unequally
Is shared on earth: but knowledge is not power
To a poor man alone 'gainst all the world,
Who, meantime, needs to eat. Like the hot springs
That boil themselves away, and serve for nought,
Which yet must have some office, rightly used,
Man hath a secret source, for some great end,
Which by delay seems wasted. Ignorance
Chokes us, and time outwits us.' — On he passed.
'That soul hath greater cause for grief than I,'
Orion thought — yet not the less was sad.

CLOUD PHANTOMS.

FROM BOOK II., CANTO III.

BUT since the breath of spring had stirred the woods,
Through which the joyous tidings busily ran,
And oval buds of delicate pink and green
Broke, infant-like through bark of sapling boughs, —
The vapors from the ocean had ascended,
Fume after fume, wreath upon wreath, and floor
On floor, till a gray curtain upward spread

From sea to sky, and both as one appeared.
Now came the snorting and intolerant steeds
Of the Sun's chariot tow'rds the summer signs ;
At first obscurely, then with dazzling beams ;
And cleared the heavens, but held the vapors there,
In cloudy architecture of all hues.
The stately fabrics and the Eastern pomps,
Tents, tombs, processions veiled, and temples vast,
Remained not long in their august repose,
But sank to ruins, and re-formed in likeness
Of monstrous beasts in lands and seas unknown.
These gradually dilating, limb from limb,
And head from bulk, were drawn apart, and floated
Hither and thither, till in ridges strewn,
Like to a rich and newly-furrowed field —
Then breaking into purple isles and spots,
Faded to faintness, and dissolved in air.

ORION AND AKINETOS.

FROM BOOK III., CANTO I.

IN that dark hour when anguished he awoke,
Orion from the sea-shore made his way,
Feeling from cliff to cliff, from tree to tree,
Guided by knowledge of the varied tracks
Of land, — the rocks, the mounds of fern, the grass,
That 'neath his feet made known each spot he passed —
Hill, vale, and woodland ; till he reached the caves,
Once his rude happy dwelling. All was silent.
Rhexergon and Biastor were abroad,
Searching the jasper quarries for a lynx
That had escaped the wreck. Deeply he sighed.
The quiet freshness came upon his heart,
Not sweetly, but with aching sense of loss.

He felt his way, and listened at the cave
 Of Akinetos, whom he heard within
 Sing to himself. And Akinetos rose, —
 Perceiving he was blind, — and with slow care
 Rolled forth a stone, and placed him by his side.

Orion's tale soon closed ; its outward acts
 And sad results were all that he could speak :
 The rest writhed inwardly, and — like the leads
 That sink the nets and all the struggles hide,
 Till a strong hand drags forth the prize — his words
 Kept down the torment, uttered all within
 In hurrying anguish. Yet the clear, cold eye,
 Gray, deep-set, steady, of the Great Unmoved,
 Saw much of this beneath, and thus he spake.

‘ My son, why wouldst thou ever work and build,
 And so bestir thyself, when certain grief,
 Mischief, or error, and not seldom death,
 Follows on all that individual will
 Can of itself attain? I told thee this :
 Nor for reproach repeat it, but to soothe
 Thy mind with consciousness that not in thee
 Was failure born. Its law preceded thine :
 It governs every act, which needs must fail —
 I mean, give place — to make room for the next.
 Each thinks he fails, because he thinks himself
 A chain and centre, not a link that runs
 In large and complex circles, all unknown.
 Sit still. Remain with me. No difference
 Will in the world be found : 't will know no change,
 Be sure. Say that an act hath been ordained?
 Some hand must do it : therefore do not move :
 An instrument of action must be found,
 And you escape both toil and consequence,
 Which run their rounds with restless fools ; for ever

One act leads to another, and disturbs
Man's rest and Reason — which foresees *no* end.'

'I feel that thou art wise,' Orion said;
'The worker ever comes to thee cast down!
Who with alacrity would frame, toil, build,
If he had wisdom in results like thee?
Would Strength life's soil upheave, though close it clung
And heavy, like a spade that digs in clay,
Therein to plant roots certain not to grow?
O miserable man! O fool of hope!
All I have done has wrought me no fixt good,
But grief more bitter as the bliss was sweet,
Because so fleeting. Why did Artemis
Me from my rough and useful life withdraw?
O'er wood and iron I had mastery,
And hunted shadows knowing they were shades.
Since then, my intellect she filled, and taught me
To hunt for lasting truth in the pale moon.
Such proved my love for her; and such hath proved
My love for Meropè, to me now lost.
I will remain here: I will build no more.'

He paused: but Akinetos was asleep.
Wherefore Orion at his feet sank down,
Tired of himself, of grief, and all the world,
And also slept. Ere dawn he had a dream:
'T was hopeful, lovely, though of no clear sense.
He said, 'Methinks it must betoken good;
Some help from Artemis, who may relent,
And think of me as one she sought to lift
To her own sphere of purity; or, indeed,
Some God may deem me worthy of a fate
Better than that which locks up all design
In pausing night. Perchance the dream may bode
That Meropè shall be to me restored,

And I see nature through her death-deep eyes,
And know the glorious mysteries of the grave,
Which, through extremes of blissful passion's life,
Methought I saw. Oh, wherefore am I blind?

‘Abandon all such hopes of Meropè,’
Murmured the Great Unmoved: ‘her truth was strong,
First to herself, and through herself to thee,
While that it lasted; but that's done and gone.
How should she love a giant who is blind
And sees no beauty but the secret heart
Panting in darkness? That is not her world?
Orion rose erect. ‘She is not false —
Although she may forget. I will go forth:
I may find aid, or cause some help to come
That shall restore my sight.’ The sage replied,
‘Thou 'st seen enough already, and too much
For happiness. This passion prematurely
Endeth; and therefore endeth as seems best,
Ere it wear out itself with languor and pain,
Or prostrate all thy mind to its small use —
Far worse, methinks.’ ‘Hast thou,’ Orion cried,
‘No impulses — desires — no promptings kind?’
The sage his memory tasked; then slow replied:
‘Once I gave water to a thirsty plant:
’T was a weak moment with us both. Next morn
It craved the like — but I, for “Nature” calling,
Passed on. It drooped — then died, and rotted soon,
And living things, more highly organized,
With quick eyes and fine horns, reproached my hand
Which had delayed their birth. What wrong we do
By interfering with life's balanced plan!
Do nothing — wait — and all that must come, comes!’
Silent awhile they stood. Orion sighed,
‘I know thy words are wise —’ and went his way.

SUNRISE.

FROM BOOK III., CANTO II.

O'ER meadows green or solitary lawn,
When birds appear earth's sole inhabitants,
The long clear shadows of the morning differ
From those of eve, which are more soft and vague,
Touched with old day-dreams and a mellowed grief.
The lights of morning, even as her shades,
Are architectural, and pre-eminent
In quiet freshness, midst the pause that holds
Prelusive energies. All life awakes,
Morn comes at first with white uncertain light;
Then takes a faint red, like an opening bud
Seen through gray mist: the mist clears off; the sky
Unfolds; grows ruddy; takes a crimson flush;
Puts forth bright sprigs of gold, which soon expanding
In saffron, thence pure golden shines the morn;
Uplifts its clear bright fabric of white clouds,
All tinted like a shell of polished pearl,
With varied glancings, violet gleam and blush;
Embraces Nature; and then passes on,
Leaving the sun to perfect his great work.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AKINETOS.

FROM BOOK III., CANTO III.

SLOW tow'ards his cave the Great Unmoved repaired,
And, with his back against the rock, sat down
Outside, half-smiling in the pleasant air;
And in the lonely silence of the place
He thus, at length, discoursed unto himself:

'Orion, ever active and at work,
 Honest and skilful, not to be surpassed,
 Drew misery on himself and those he loved;
 Wrought his companion's death, — and now hath found,
 At Artemis' hand, his own. So fares it ever
 With the world's builder. He from wall to beam,
 From pillar to roof, from shade to corporal form,
 From the first vague Thought to the Temple vast,
 A ceaseless contest with the crowd endures,
 For whom he labors. Why then should we move?
 Our wisdom cannot change whate'er's decreed,
 Nor e'en the acts or thoughts of brainless men:
 Why then be moved? Best reason is most vain.
 He who will do and suffer, must — and end.
 Hence death is not an evil since it leads
 To somewhat permanent, beyond the noise
 Man maketh on the tabor of his will,
 Until the small round burst, and pale he falls.
 His ear is stuffed with the grave's earth, yet feels
 The inaudible whispers of Eternity,
 While Time runs shouting to Oblivion
 In the upper fields! I would not swell that cry.'

HAJARLIS.

A tragic ballad, set to an old Arabian air.

I LOVED Hajarlis — and was loved —
 Both children of the Desert, we;
 And deep as were her lustrous eyes,
 My image ever could I see.

And in my heart she also shone,
 As doth a star above a well;
 And we each other's thoughts enjoyed,
 As camels listen to a bell.

A Sheik unto Hajarlis came,
And said, 'Thy beauty fires my dreams !
Young Or nab spurn — fly to my tent —
So shalt thou walk in golden beams.'

But from the Sheik my maiden turned,
And he was wroth with her, and me ;
Hajarlis down a pit was lowered,
And I was fastened to a tree.

Nor bread, nor water, had she there ;
But oft a slave would come and go ;
O'er the pit bent he, muttering words,—
And aye took back the unvarying 'No !'

The simoom came with sullen glare !—
Breathed Desert-mysteries through my tree !—
I only heard the starving sighs
From that pit's mouth unceasingly.

Day after day — night after night —
Hajarlis' famished moans I hear !
And then I prayed her to consent —
For *my* sake, in my wild despair.

Calm strode the Sheik — looked down the pit,
And said, 'Thy beauty now is gone :
Thy last moans will thy lover hear,
While thy slow torments feed my scorn.'

They spared me that I still might know
Her thirst and frenzy — till at last
The pit was silent !— and I felt
Her life — and mine — were with the past !

A friend, that night, cut through my bonds :
The Sheik amidst his camels slept ;—
We fired his tent, and drove them in —
And then with joy I screamed and wept.

And cried, 'A spirit comes arrayed,
From that dark pit, in golden beams !
Thy slaves are fled — thy camels mad —
Hajarlis once more fires thy dreams !'

The camels blindly trod him down,
While still we drove them o'er his bed ;
Then with a stone I beat his breast,
As I would smite him ten times dead !

I dragged him far out on the sands —
And vultures came — a screaming shoal ! —
And while they fanged and flapped, I prayed
Great Allah to destroy his soul !

And day and night again I sat
Above that pit, and thought I heard
Hajarlis' moans — and cried 'my *love* !'
With heart still breaking at each word.

Is it the night-breeze in my ear,
That woos me like a fanning dove ? —
Is it herself ? — O, desert-sands,
Enshroud me ever with thy love !

THE LAUREL-SEED.

"Marmora findit."

A DESPOT gazed on sun-set clouds,
Then sank to sleep amidst the gleam ; —
Forthwith, a myriad starving slaves
Must realize his lofty dream.

Year upon year, all night and day,
They toiled, they died — and were replaced ;
At length, a marble fabric rose
With cloud-like domes and turrets graced.

No anguish of those herds of slaves,
 E'er shook one dome or wall asunder,
 Nor wars of other mighty Kings,
 Nor lustrous javelins of the thunder.

One sunny morn a lonely bird,
 Passed o'er, and dropt a laurel-seed ;
 The plant sprang up amidst the walls
 Whose chinks were full of moss and weed.

The laurel tree grew large and strong,
 Its roots went searching deeply down ;
 It split the marble walls of Wrong,
 And blossomed o'er the Despot's crown.

And in its boughs a nightingale
 Sings to those world-forgotten graves ;
 And o'er its head a skylark's voice
 Consoles the spirits of the slaves.

THE PLOUGH.

A LANDSCAPE IN BERKSHIRE.

ABOVE yon sombre swell of land
 Thou seest the dawn's grave orange hue,
 With one pale streak like yellow sand,
 And over that a vein of blue.

The air is cold above the woods ;
 All silent is the earth and sky,
 Except with his own lonely moods
 The blackbird holds a colloquy.

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,
 Like hope that gilds a good man's brow,
 And now ascends the nostril-stream
 Of stalwart horses come to plough.

Ye rigid Ploughmen, bear in mind —
 Your labor is for future hours !
 Advance — spare not — nor look behind —
 Plough deep and straight with all your powers.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

FROM 'DIPSYCHUS.'¹⁵

PART I., SCENE V.

SPIRIT *speaks*.

'THERE is no God,' the wicked saith,
'And truly it's a blessing,
For what He might have done with us
It's better only guessing.'

'There is no God,' a youngster thinks,
'Or really, if there may be,
He surely did n't mean a man
Always to be a baby.'

'There is no God, or if there is,'
The tradesman thinks, 't were funny
If He should take it ill in me
To make a little money.'

'Whether there be,' the rich man says,
'It matters very little,
For I and mine, thank somebody,
Are not in want of victual.'

Some others, also, to themselves,
Who scarce so much as doubt it,
Think there is none, when they are well,
And do not think about it.

But country folks who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple ;
The parson and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people ;

Youths green and happy in first love,
So thankful for illusion ;
And men caught out in what the world
Calls guilt, in first confusion ;

And almost every one when age,
Disease, or sorrows strike him,
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like Him.

FROM PART II., SCENE IV.

DIPSYCHUS *speaks.*

ACTION, that staggers me. For I had hoped,
'Midst weakness, indolence, frivolity,
Irresolution, still had hoped ; and this
Seems sacrificing hope. Better to wait :
The wise men wait ; it is the foolish haste,
And ere the scenes are in the slides would play,
And while the instruments are tuning, dance.

I see Napoleon on the heights intent
To arrest that one brief unit of loose time
Which hands high Victory's thread ; his marshals fret.
His soldiers clamor low : the very guns
Seem going off of themselves ; the cannon strain
Like hell-dogs in the leash. But he, he waits ;
And lesser chances and inferior hopes
Meantime go pouring past. Men gnash their teeth ;
The very faithful have begun to doubt ;
But they molest not the calm eye that seeks
'Midst all this huddling silver little worth
The one thin piece that comes, pure gold ; he waits.
O me, when the great deed e'en now has broke
Like a man's hand the horizon's level line,
So soon to fill the zenith with rich clouds ;

O, in this narrow interspace, this marge,
This list and salvage of a glorious time,
To despair of the great and sell unto the mean !
O thou of little faith, what hast thou done ?

Yet if the occasion coming should find *us*
Undexterous, incapable ? In light things
Prove thou the arms thou long'st to glorify,
Nor fear to work up from the lowest ranks
Whence come great Nature's Captains. And high deeds
Haunt not the fringy edges of the fight,
But the pell-mell of men. Oh, what and if
E'en now by lingering here I let them slip,
Like an unpractised spyer through a glass,
Still pointing to the blank, too high. And yet,
In dead details to smother vital ends
Which would give life to them ; in the deft trick
Of prentice-handling to forget great art,
To base mechanical adroitness yield
The Inspiration and the Hope a slave !
Oh, and to blast that Innocence which, though
Here it may seem a dull unopening bud,
May yet bloom freely in celestial clime !

Were it not better done, then, to keep off
And see, not share, the strife ; stand out the waltz
Which fools whirl dizzy in ? Is it possible ?
Contamination taints the idler first ;
And without base compliance, e'en that same
Which buys bold hearts' free course, Earth lends not these
Their pent and miserable standing-room.
Life loves no lookers-on at his great game,
And with boy's malice still delights to turn
The tide of sport upon the sitters-by,
And set observers scampering with their notes.
Oh, it is great to do and know not what,

Nor let it e'er be known. The dashing stream
 Stays not to pick his steps among the rocks,
 Or let his water-breaks be chronicled.
 And though the hunter looks before he leap,
 'Tis instinct rather than a shaped-out thought
 That lifts him his bold way. Then, instinct, hail;
 And farewell hesitation. If I stay,
 I am not innocent; nor if I go —
 E'en should I fall — beyond redemption lost.

FROM PART II., SCENE V.

DIPSYCHUS *speaks.*

O HAPPY hours!

O compensation ample for long days
 Of what impatient tongues call wretchedness!
 O beautiful, beneath the magic moon,
 To walk the watery way of palaces!
 O beautiful, o'ervaulted with gemmed blue,
 This spacious court, with color and with gold,
 With cupolas, and pinnacles, and points,
 And crosses multiplex, and tips and balls
 (Wherewith the bright stars unrepining mix,
 Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused);
 Fantastically perfect this low pile
 Of Oriental glory; these long ranges
 Of classic chiselling, this gay flickering crowd,
 And the calm Campanile. Beautiful!
 O, beautiful! and that seemed more profound,
 This morning by the pillar when I sat
 Under the great arcade, at the review,
 And took, and held, and ordered on my brain
 The faces, and the voices, and the whole mass
 O' the motley facts of existence flowing by!
 O perfect, if 't were all! But it is not;

Hints haunt me ever of a more beyond :
I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
Of a completion ever soon assumed,
Of adding up too soon. What we call sin,
I could believe a painful opening out
Of paths for ampler virtue. The bare field,
Scant with lean ears of harvest, long had mocked
The vext laborious farmer ; came at length
The deep plough in the lazy under-soil
Down-driving ; with a cry earth's fibres crack,
And a few months, and lo ! the golden leas,
And autumn's crowded shocks and loaded wains.
Let us look back on life ; was any change,
Any now blest expansion, but at first
A pang, remorse-like, shot to the inmost seats
Of moral being ? To do anything,
Distinct on any one thing to decide,
To leave the habitual and the old, and quit
The easy-chair of use and wont, seems crime
To the weak soul, forgetful how at first
Sitting down seemed so too. And, oh ! this woman's heart,
Fain to be forced, incredulous of choice,
And waiting a necessity for God.

Yet I could think, indeed, the perfect call
Should force the perfect answer. If the voice
Ought to receive its echo from the soul,
Wherefore this silence ? If it *should* rouse my being,
Why this reluctance ? Have I not thought o'er-much
Of other men, and of the ways of the world ?
But what they are, or have been, matters not.
To thine own self be true, the wise man says.
Are then my fears myself ? O double self !
And I untrue to both ? Oh, there are hours,
When love, and faith, and dear domestic ties,
And converse with old friends, and pleasant walks,
Familiar faces, and familiar books,

Study, and art, upliftings unto prayer,
And admiration of the noblest things,
Seem all ignoble only; all is mean,
And nought as I would have it. Then at others,
My mind is in her rest; my heart at home
In all around; my soul secure in place,
And the vext needle perfect to her poles.
Aimless and hopeless in my life I seem
To thread the winding byways of the town,
Bewildered, baffled, hurried hence and thence,
All at cross-purpose even with myself,
Unknowing whence or whither. Then at once,
At a step, I crown the Campanile's top,
And view all mapped below; islands, lagoon,
A hundred steeples and a million roofs,
The fruitful champaign, and the cloud-capt Alps,
And the broad Adriatic. Be it enough;
If I lose this, how terrible! No, no,
I am contented, and will not complain.
To the old paths, my soul! Oh, be it so!
I bear the workday burden of dull life
About these footsore flags of a weary world,
Heaven knows how long it has not been; at once,
Lo! I am in the spirit on the Lord's day
With John in Patmos. Is it not enough,
One day in seven? and if this should go,
If this pure solace should desert my mind,
What were all else? I dare not risk this loss.
To the old paths, my soul!

FROM 'THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH.' 16

ELSPIE AND PHILIP.

BUT on the morrow Elspie kept out of the way of
Philip:
And at the evening seat, when he took her hand by the
alders,
Drew it back, saying, almost peevishly,
No, Mr. Philip,
I was quite right, last night; it is too soon, too sudden.
What I told you before was foolish perhaps, was hasty.
When I think it over I am shocked and terrified at it.
Not that at all I unsay it; that is, I know I said it,
And when I said it, felt it. But oh, we must wait, Mr.
Philip!
We mustn't pull ourselves at the great key-stone of the
centre:
Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and fix it;
If we try ourselves, we shall only damage the archway,
Damage all our own work that we wrought, our painful up-
building.
When, you remember, you took my hand last evening,
talking,
I was all over a tremble: and as you pressed the fingers
After, and afterwards kissed it, I could not speak. And
then, too,
As we went home, you kissed me for saying your name.
It was dreadful.
I have been kissed before, she added, blushing slightly,
I have been kissed more than once by Donald my cousin,
and others;
It is the way of the lads, and I make up my mind not to
mind it;

But, Mr. Philip, last night, and from you, it was different,
quite, sir.

When I think of all that, I am shocked and terrified at it.
Yes, it is dreadful to me.

She paused, but quickly continued,
Smiling almost fiercely, continued, looking upward.

You are too strong, you see, Mr. Philip! just like the sea
there,

Which *will* come, through the straits and all between the
mountains,

Forcing its great strong tide into every nook and inlet,
Getting far in, up the quiet stream of sweet inland water,
Sucking it up, and stopping it, turning it, driving it back-
ward,

Quite preventing its own quiet running: and then, soon
after,

Back it goes off, leaving weeds on the shore, and wreck
and uncleanness:

And the poor burn in the glen tries again its peaceful
running,

But it is brackish and tainted, and all its banks in disorder.

That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the burnie,
Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine, and could
not;

I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the great salt
tide, that

Would mix — in itself with me, and change me; I felt my-
self changing;

And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my dream.
It was dreadful.

You are too strong, Mr. Philip! I am but a poor slender
burnie,

Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and birch of
the woodies,

Quite unused to the great salt sea; quite afraid and un-
willing.

Ere she had spoken two words, had Philip released her fingers :

As she went on, he recoiled, fell back, and shook and shivered ;

There he stood, looking pale and ghastly ; when she had ended,

Answering in hollow voice,

It is true ; oh, quite true, Elspie ;

Oh, you are always right ; oh, what, what have I been doing ?

I will depart to-morrow. But oh, forget me not wholly,

Wholly, Elspie, nor hate me ; no, do not hate me, my Elspie.

But a revulsion passed through the brain and bosom of Elspie ;

And she got up from her seat on the rock, putting by her knitting ;

Went to him, where he stood and answered :

No, Mr. Philip,

No, you are good, Mr. Philip, and gentle ; and I am the foolish :

No, Mr. Philip, forgive me.

She stepped right to him, and boldly

Took up his hand, and placed it in hers ; he dared no movement ;

Took up the cold hanging hand, up-forcing the heavy elbow.

I am afraid, she said, but I will ; and kissed the fingers.

And he fell on his knees and kissed her own past counting.

But a revulsion wrought in the brain and bosom of Elspie ;

And the passion she just had compared to the vehement ocean,

Urging in high spring-tide its masterful way through the mountains,

Forcing and flooding the silvery stream, as it runs from the inland ;

That great power withdrawn, receding here and passive,
 Felt she in myriad springs, her sources far in the moun-
 tains,
 Stirring, collecting, rising, upheaving, forth-outflowing,
 Taking and joining, right welcome, that delicate rill in the
 valley,
 Filling it, making it strong, and still descending, seeking,
 With a blind forefeeling descending ever, and seeking,
 With a delicious forefeeling, the great still sea before it;
 There deep into it, far, to carry, and lose in its bosom,
 Waters that still from their sources exhaustless are fain to
 be added.

As he was kissing her fingers, and knelt on the ground
 before her,
 Yielding backward she sank to her seat, and of what she
 was doing
 Ignorant, bewildered, in sweet multitudinous vague emotion,
 Stooping, knowing not what, put her lips to the hair on his
 forehead:
 And Philip, raising himself, gently, for the first time round
 her
 Passing his arms, close, close, enfolded her, close to his
 bosom.
 As they went home by the moon, Forgive me, Philip, she
 whispered;
 I have so many things to think of, all of a sudden;
 I who had never once thought a thing, — in my ignorant
 Highlands.

FROM 'SONGS IN ABSENCE.' 17

COME back, come back, behold with straining mast
 And swelling sail, behold her steaming fast;
 With one new sun to see her voyage o'er,
 With morning light to touch her native shore.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, while westward laboring by,
With sailless yards, a bare black hulk we fly.
See how the gale we fight with sweeps her back,
To our lost home, on our forsaken track.

Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, across the flying foam,
We hear faint far-off voices call us home,
Come back, ye seem to say; ye seek in vain;
We went, we sought, and homeward turned again.

Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; and whither back or why?
To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes to try;
Walk the old fields; pace the familiar street;
Dream with the idlers, with the bards compete.

Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; and whither and for what?
To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half-believe.

Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; yea back, indeed, do go
Sighs panting thick, and tears that want to flow;
Fond fluttering hopes upraise their useless wings,
And wishes idly struggle in the strings;

Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, more eager than the breeze.
The flying fancies sweep across the seas,
And lighter far than ocean's flying foam,
The heart's fond message hurries to its home.

Come back, come back!

Come back, come back!

Back flies the foam; the hoisted flag streams back:

The long smoke wavers on the homeward track,
 Back fly with winds things which the winds obey,
 The strong ship follows its appointed way.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
 The labor and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light,
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered —
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides —
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
At last, at last, unite them there !

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine ;
Chastised each rebel self-enc centred thought,
My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
 Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart ;
 Nor seek to see — for what of earthly kind
 Can see Thee as Thou art? —

If well-assured 't is but profanely bold
 In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
 It dare not dare the dread communion hold
 In ways unworthy Thee,

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
 In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;
 And if in work its life it seem to live,
 Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
 Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
 And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
 In recognition start.

But, as Thou willest, give or e'en forbear
 The beatific supersensual sight,
 So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
 Approach Thee morn and night.

THE HIDDEN LOVE.

O LET me love my love unto myself alone,
 And know my knowledge to the world unknown ;
 No witness to my vision call,
 Beholding, unbeheld of all ;
 And worship Thee, with Thee withdrawn apart,
 Whoe'er, Whate'er Thou art,
 Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart.

What is it then to me
 If others are inquisitive to see?

Why should I quit my place to go and ask
If other men are working at their task?
Leave my own buried roots to go
And see that brother plants shall grow;
And turn away from Thee, O Thou most Holy Light,
To look if other orbs their orbits keep aright,
Around their proper sun,
Deserting Thee, and being undone.

O let me love my love unto myself alone,
And know my knowledge to the world unknown;
And worship Thee, O hid One, O much sought,
As but man can or ought,
Within the abstracted'st shrine of my least breathed-on
thought.

Better it were, thou sayest, to consent;
Feast while we may, and live ere life be spent;
Close up clear eyes, and call the unstable sure,
The unlovely lovely, and the filthy pure;
In self-belyings, self-deceivings roll,
And lose in Action, Passion, Talk, the soul.

Nay, better far to mark off thus much air,
And call it Heaven: place bliss and glory there;
Fix perfect homes in the unsubstantial sky,
And say, what is not, will be by-and-by.

*'WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS, NEITHER
SHADOW OF TURNING.'*

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoever I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

‘PERCHÈ PENSA? PENSANDO S’ INVECCHIA.’

To spend uncounted years of pain,
Again, again, and yet again,
In working out in heart and brain
The problem of our being here;
To gather facts from far and near,
Upon the mind to hold them clear,
And, knowing more may yet appear,
Unto one’s latest breath to fear,
The premature result to draw —
Is this the object, end, and law,
And purpose of our being here?

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

THE REIGN OF LAW.

THE dawn goes up the sky
Like any other day ;
And these have only come
To mourn Him where he lay.
*' We ne'er have seen the law
Reversed, 'neath which we lie ;
Exceptions none are found,
And when we die, we die.
Resigned to fact we wander hither ;
We ask no more the whence and whither.*

*' Vain questions ! from the first
Put, and no answer found.
He binds us with the chain
Wherewith himself is bound.
From west to east the earth
Unrolls her primal curve ;
The sun himself were vexed
Did she one furlong swerve :
The myriad years have whirled her hither,
But tell not of the whence and whither.*

*' We know but what we see —
Like cause, and like event ;
One constant force runs on
Transmuted, but unspent :
From her own laws the mind
Infers a conscious plan ;
Deducing from within
God's special thought for man :
The natural choice that brought us hither
Is silent on the whence and whither.*

*' If God there be, or Gods,
 Without our science lies ;
 We cannot see or touch,
 Measure, nor analyze.
 Life is but what we live,
 We know but what we know,
 Closed in these bounds alone
 Whether God be, or no :
 The self-moved force that bore us hither
 Reveals no whence, and hints no whither.*

*' Ah, which is likelier truth,
 That law should hold its way,
 Or, for this one of all,
 Life reassert her sway ?
 Like any other morn
 The sun goes up the sky ;
 No crisis marks the day ;
 For when we die, we die.
 No fair fond hope allures us hither ;
 The law is dumb on whence and whither.'*

— Then, wherefore are ye come ?
 Why watch a worn-out corse ?
 Why weep a ripple past
 Down the long stream of force ?
 If life is that which keeps
 Each organism whole,
 No atom may be traced
 Of what he thought the soul :
 It had its term of passage hither,
 But knew no whence, and knows not whither.

The forces that were Christ
 Have ta'en new forms and fled ;
 The common sun goes up ;
 The dead are with the dead.

'T was but a phantom life
That seemed to think and will,
Evolving self and God
By some subjective skill ;
That had its day of passage hither,
But knew no whence, and knows no whither.

If this be all in all ;
Life, but one mode of force ;
Law, but the plan which binds
The sequences in course ;
All essence, all design
Shut out from mortal ken :
— We bow to Nature's fate,
And drop the style of men !
The summer dust the wind wafts hither
Is not more dead to whence and whither.

— But if our life be life,
And thought, and will, and love,
Not vague unrhythmic airs
That o'er wild harp-strings move ;
If consciousness be aught
Of all it seems to be,
And souls are something more
Than lights that gleam and flee ;
Though dark the road that leads us thither,
The heart must ask its whence and whither.

To matter or to force
The All is not confined ;
Beside the law of things
Is set the law of mind ;
One speaks in rock and star
And one within the brain,
In unison at times,

And then apart again ;
And both in one have brought us hither
That we may know our whence and whither.

The sequences of law
We learn through mind alone ;
'T is only through the soul
That aught we know is known : —
With equal voice she tells
Of what we touch and see
Within these bounds of life,
And of a life to be ;
Proclaiming One who brought us hither,
And holds the keys of whence and whither.

O shrine of God that now
Must learn itself with awe !
O heart and soul that move
Beneath a living law !
That which seemed all the rule
Of Nature, is but part ;
A larger, deeper law
Claims also soul and heart.
The force that framed and bore us hither
Itself at once is whence and whither.

We may not hope to read
Nor comprehend the whole
Or of the law of things
Or of the law of soul :
Among the eternal stars
Dim perturbations rise ;
And all the searchers' search
Does not exhaust the skies ;
He who has framed and brought us hither
Holds in his hands the whence and whither.

He in his science plans
What no known laws foretell ;
The wandering fires and fixed
Alike are miracle :
The common death of all,
The life renewed above,
Are both within the scheme
Of that all-circling love ;
The seeming chance that cast us hither
Accomplishes his whence and whither.

Then, though the sun go up
His beaten azure way,
God may fulfil his thought
And bless his world to-day ;
Beside the law of things
The law of mind enthrone,
And, for the hope of all,
Reveal Himself in One ;
Himself the way that leads us thither
The All-in-all, the Whence and Whither.

TWO GRAVES AT ROME.

SAINTS and Caesars are here,
Bishops of Rome and the world,
Rulers by love and by fear : —
Those who in purple and gold
Pranked and lorded it here ;
Those who in sackcloth and shame
Elected their limbs to enfold,
Scornful of pleasure and fame :
— Ah, they had their reward !
There is something else that I seek
On the flowery sward,
By the pile of Cestius, here !

Is it but two stones like the rest
Fondly preserving a name
Elsewhere unheeded of fame,
Set here by love, and left
To gather gray, like the rest ?
— Psha ! 'T is the fate of man !
We are wretched, we are bereft
Of all that gave life its plan,
The sunbeam and treasure of yore ;
We lay it in earth, and are gone ;
Then, as before,
We laugh and forget, like the rest.

A transient name on the stone,
A transient love in the heart ;
We have our day, and are gone : —
— But it is not so with these !
There is life and love in the stone ; —
Names of beauty and light
Over all lands and seas
They have gone forth in their might :
Warmer and higher beats
The general heart at the words
Shelley and Keats : —
There is life and love in the stone !

He with the gleaming eyes
And glances gentle and wild,
The angel eternal child ;
His heart could not throb like ours,
He could not see with our eyes
Dimmed with the dulness of earth,
Blind with the bondage of hours ;
Yet none with diviner mirth
Hailed what was noble and sweet :
The blood-tracked journey of life,

The way-sore feet
None have watched with more human eyes.

And he who went first to the tomb —
Rejoice, great souls of the dead !
For none in that earlier Rome
Took a bolder and lordlier heart
To the all-receiving tomb :
No richer, more equable eye,
No tongue of more musical art
Conversed with the Gods on high,
Among all the minstrels who made
Sweetness 'tween Etna and Alp :

Nor was any laid
With such music and tears in the tomb.

— What seek ye, my comrades, at Rome ?
To see and be seen at the gay
Meet on the Appian way,
Or within the tall palace at eve
To dance out your season at Rome ?
To muse on the giants of old,
In the Forum at twilight to grieve ?
It is more that these ruins enfold !
Warmer and higher beats
The Englishman's heart at the words,
Shelley and Keats !
And here is the heart of our Rome.

THE THREE AGES.

ON the eve of the blessed birthday
The child in its cot is awake ;
And thinks how the stars are raining
Sweet gifts for Christmas' sake.

On the eve of the marriage morrow
The bride is unquiet by night ;
And the arrows of sunrise pierce her
With indefinite shy delight.

And Age lies sleepless and yearning
For child and mother afar ;
But the light that shines on **their** faces
Is farther than sun or star.

— O broken arc and unmeaning,
Though the fragments are so sweet,
If the curve be not one hereafter,
And the circle of love complete !

TO A CHILD.

IF by any device or knowledge
The rosebud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rosebud for ever,
Nor into its fulness grow.

And if thou could'st know thy own sweetness,
O little one, perfect and sweet !
Thou would'st be child for ever ;
Completer whilst incomplete.

JEAN INGELOW.

*THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLN-
SHIRE.*

(1571.)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three ;
' Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
Good ringers, pull your best,' quoth he.
' Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe " The Brides of Enderby." '

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall :
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes ;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

' Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !' calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
' Cusha ! Cusha !' all along ;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,

From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song. —

‘Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !’ calling,
‘For the dews will soone be falling ;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow ;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow ;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head ;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
‘Jetty, to the milking shed.’

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;
And all the aire it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene ;
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset’s golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth ;

Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The ' Brides of Mavis Enderby.'

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows,
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, ' And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

' For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down ;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring " The Brides of Enderby ? " '

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main.
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
' Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! '
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

' The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place.'
He shook as one that looks on death '
' God save you, mother ! ' straight he saith ;
' Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? '

' Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long ;

And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song.'
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, 'Ho Enderby!'
They rang 'The Brides of Enderby!'

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout —
Then beaten foam flew round about —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high —
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang 'Enderby.'

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
'O come in life, or come in death !
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth.'

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
To manye more than myne and me :
But each will mourn his own (she saith).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
'Cusha, Cusha, Cusha !' calling,
Ere the early dewes be falling ;
I shall never hear her song,
'Cusha, Cusha !' all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth ;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver ;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore ;
I shall never hear her calling,
' Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow ;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot ;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow ;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head ;
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.'

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

As I came round the harbor buoy,
 The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked water stirred ;
 The crags were white as cream ;
And I marked my love by candle-light
 Sewing her long white seam.
 It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,
 Watch and steer at sea,
 It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
 Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door ;
 O sweetly my love sings !
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,
 My soul to meet it springs

As the shining water leaped of old,
When stirred by angel wings.
Aye longing to list anew,
Awake and in my dream,
But never a song she sang like this,
Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbor lights,
That brought me in to thee,
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see,
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear,
All for the love of me.
For O, for O, with brows bent low
By the candle's flickering gleam,
Her wedding gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam.

FROM 'SONGS OF THE NIGHT-WATCHES.' 18

CONCLUDING SONG OF DAWN.

(Old English Manner.)

A MORN OF MAY.

ALL the clouds about the sun lay up in golden creases,
(Merry rings the maiden's voice that sings at dawn of day ;)
Lambkins woke and skipped around to dry their dewy
fleeces,
So sweetly as she carolled, all on a morn of May.

Quoth the sergeant, ' Here I 'll halt ; here 's wine of joy
for drinking ;
To my heart she sets her hand, and in the strings doth
play ;

All among the daffodils, and fairer to my thinking,
And fresh as milk and roses, she sits this morn of May.'

Quoth the sergeant, 'Work is work, but any ye might
make me,

If I worked for you, dear lass, I 'd count my holiday.
I 'm your slave for good and all, an' if ye will but take me,
So sweetly as ye carol upon this morn of May.'

'Medals count for worth,' quoth she, 'and scars are worn
for honor ;

But a slave an' if ye be, kind wooer, go your way.'
All the nodding daffodils woke up and laughed upon her.
Oh, sweetly did she carol all on that morn of May.

Gladsome leaves upon the bough, they fluttered fast and
faster,

Fretting brook, till he would speak, did chide the dull
delay :

'Beauty ! when I said a slave, I think I meant a master ;
So sweetly as ye carol all on this morn of May.

'Lass, I love you ! Love is strong, and some men's hearts
are tender.'

Far she sought o'er wood and wold, but found not aught
to say ;

Mounting lark nor mantling cloud would any counsel
render,

Though sweetly she had carolled upon that morn of May.

Shy, she sought the wooer's face, and deemed the wooing
mended ;

Proper man he was, good sooth, and one would have his
way :

So the lass was made a wife, and so the song was ended.
O ! sweetly she did carol all on that morn of May.

DIVIDED.

I.

AN empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God He knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it:
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it,
We parted the grasses dewy and sheen;
Drop over drop there filtered and slid,
A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
 Light was our talk as of faëry bells ;
 Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to us
 Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
 We lapped the grass on that youngling spring ;
 Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
 And said, ' Let us follow it westering.'

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
 Circling above us the black rooks fly
 Forward, backward ; lo their dark shadows
 Flit on the blossoming tapestry.

Flit on the beck, for her long grass parteth
 As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back ;
 And, lo, the sun like a lover darteth
 His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on ! we sing in the glorious weather
 Till one steps over the tiny strand,
 So narrow, in sooth, that still together
 On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.
 On either margin, our songs all done,
 We move apart, while she singeth ever,
 Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, ' Come over ' — I may not follow ;
 I cry, ' Return ' — but he cannot come :
 We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow ;
 Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
A little talking of outward things;
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider;
'Cross to me now — for her wavelets swell :'
'I may not cross,' — and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path ; ah ! no returning ;
No second crossing that ripple's flow :
'Come to me now, for the west is burning ;
Come ere it darkens ;' — 'Ah, no ! ah, no !'

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching —
The beck grows wider and swift and deep :
Passionate words as of one beseeching —
The loud beck drowns them ; we walk, and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and swordgrass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness,
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears ;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places
On either marge of the moonlit flood,
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
 A little piping of leaf-hid birds ;
 A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
 A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where kids are tethered
 Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined ;
 Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
 Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
 When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide ;
 A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
 The beck, a river — with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver
 On she goes under fruit-laden trees ;
 Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
 And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew and shines the river,
 Up comes the lily and dries her bell ;
 But two are walking apart forever,
 And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding ;
 The river hasteth, her banks recede.
 Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
 Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing
 (Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
 And level sands for banks endowing
 The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart ! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side.

Farther, farther — I see it — know it —
My eyes brim over, it melts away :
Only my heart to my heart shall show it
As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting; truly —
A knowledge greater than grief can dim —
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly —
Yea better — e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, 'Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me.'

FROM 'SONGS OF SEVEN.'¹⁹*SEVEN TIMES ONE. EXULTATION.*

THERE 's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There 's no rain left in heaven :
I 've said my 'seven times ' over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better ;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
 And shining so round and low;
 You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing —
 You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
 That God has hidden your face?
 I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
 And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
 You've powdered your legs with gold!
 O brave marsh-mary buds, rich and yellow,
 Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
 O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
 That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
 I will not steal them away;
 I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet —
 I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR. MATERNITY.

HEIGH HO! daisies and buttercups,
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall,
 When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
 And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and small:
 Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
 Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups:
 Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
 Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
 That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;

Sing, 'Heart thou art wide though the house be but
narrow' —

Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,

Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow ;

A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,

And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.

O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,

Maybe he thinks on you now !

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,

Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall ;

A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,

And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall,

Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure —

God that is over us all.

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

FROM 'ODE ON THE ASCENT OF THE ALPS.'

ALL night as in my dreams I lay
 The shout of torrents without number
 Was in my ears — Away, away,
 No time have we for slumber!
 The star-beams in our eddies play —
 The moon is set: away, away!
 And round the hills in tumult borne
 Through echoing caves and gorges rocking,
 The voices of the night and morn
 Are crying louder in their scorn,
 My tedious languor mocking.
 Alas! in vain man's mortal limbs would rise
 To join in elemental ecstasies!

But thou, O Muse, our heavenly mate,
 Unclogged art thou by fleshly weight!
 Ascend, upbearing my desire
 Among the mountains high and higher.
 Leap from the glen upon the forest —
 Leap from the forest on the snow:
 And while from snow to cloud thou soarest
 Send back thy song below!
 Where from the glacier bursts the river
 With iron clang, pursue it ever;
 Where Eagles through the tempest break,
 Float forward in their viewless wake;
 Where sunbeams gild the icy spire
 Fling from thy tresses fire on fire.

I spake — Behold her o'er the broad lake flying :
Like a great Angel missioned to bestow
Some boon on men beneath in sadness lying :
The waves are murmuring silver murmurs low :
Beneath the curdling wind
Green through the shades the waters rush and roll,
Or whitened only by the unfrequent shoal ; —
Lo ! two dark hills, with darker yet behind,
Confront them, purple mountains almost black,
Each behind each self-folded and withdrawn
Beneath the umbrage of yon cloudy rack —
That orange gleam ! 't is dawn !
Onward ! the swan's flight with the eagle's blending,
On, wingèd Muse ; still forward and ascending !

That mighty sweep, one orbit of her flight,
Has overcurved the mountain's barrier height :
She sinks, she speeds, on prosperous wing prevailing,
(Broad lights below and changeful shadows sailing)
Over a vale upon whose breadth may shine
Not noontide suns alone, but suns of even,
Warming the rich fields in their red decline,
The pale streams flushing with the hues of heaven.
In vain those Shepherds call ; they cannot wake
The echoes on this wide and cultured plain,
Where spreads the river now into a lake,
Now curves through walnut meads its golden chain,
In-ising here and there some spot
With orchard, hive, and one fair cot ;
Or children dragging from their boat
Into the flood some reverend goat —
O happy valley ! cradle soft and deep
For blissful life, calm sleep,
And leisure, and affections free and wide,
Give me yon plough, that I with thee may bide,

Or climb those stages, cot-bestrown
 Vast steps of Summer's mountain-throne,
 Terrace o'er terrace rising, line o'er line,
 Swathed in the light wreaths of the elaborate vine.
 On yonder loftiest steep, the last
 From whose green base the gray rocks rise,
 In random circle idly cast
 A happy household lies.
 Not far there sits the plighted maid;
 Her locks a lover's fingers braid —
 Fair, fearless maiden! cause for fear
 Is none, though he alone were near :
 Indulge at will thy sweet security!
 He doth but that bold front incline
 And all those wind-tossed curls on thine
 To catch from thy wild lips their mountain purity!

.

Up to lonelier, narrower valleys
 Winds an intricate ravine
 Whence the latest snow-blast sallies
 Through black firs scarce seen.
 I hear through clouds the Hunter's hollo —
 I hear, but scarcely dare to follow
 'Mid chaotic rocks and woods,
 Such as in her lyric moods
 Nature, like a Bacchante flings
 From half-shaped imaginings.
 There lie two prostrate trunks entangled
 Like intertwined dragons strangled :
 Yon glacier seems a prophet's robes ;
 While broken sceptres, thrones, and globes
 Are strewn, as left by rival States
 Of elemental Potentates.
 Pale floats the mist, a wizard's shroud :
 There looms the broad crag from the cloud : —

A thunder-graven Sphinx's head, half-blind,
Gazing on far lands through the freezing wind!

.
What are toils to men who scorn them?

Peril what to men who dare?

Chains to hands that once have torn them

Thenceforth are chains of air!

The winds above the snow-plains fleet —

Like them I race with winged feet:

My bonds are dropped; my spirit thrills,

A Freeman of the Eternal Hills!

Each cloud by turns I make my tent;

I run before the radiance sent

From every mountain's silver mail

Across dark gulfs from vale to vale:

The curdling mist in smooth career,

A lovely phantom fleeting by,

As silent sails through yon pale mere

That shrines its own blue sky;

The sun that mere makes now its targe,

And rainbow vapors tread its marge:

A whisper, such as lovers use,

Far off on those still heights were heard;

But here was never sound of bird;

No wild bee lets its murmur loose

O'er those blue flowers in rocky cleft

Their unvoluptuous eyes that left

From feathery tufts of spangled moss

Pure as the snows which they emboss.

Lo! like the foam of wintry ocean,

The clouds beneath my feet are curled;

Dividing now with solemn motion

They give me back the world.

No veil I fear, no visual bond

In this aerial diamond:

My head o'er crystals bastions bent,
'Twixt star-crowned spire and battlement
I see the river of green ice
From precipice to precipice
Wind earthward slow, with blighting breath
Blackening the vales below like death.
Far, far beneath in sealike reach
 Receding to the horizon's rim,
I see the woods of pine and beech,
 By their own breath made dim :
I see the lands which heroes trod ;
 I see the land where Virtue chose
To live alone, and live to God ;
 The land she gave to those
Who know that on the hearth alone
True Freedom rears her fort and throne.

Lift up, not only hand and eye,
Lift up, O Man, thy heart on high :
Or downward gaze once more ; and see
How spiritual dust can be !
Then far into the Future dive,
And ask if there indeed survive,
When fade the worlds, no primal shapes
Of disembodied hills and capes,
Types meet to shadow Godhead forth ;
Dread antitypes of shapes on earth ?
O Earth ! thou shalt not wholly die,
 Of some ' new Earth ' the chrysalis
Predestined from Eternity,
 Nor seldom seen through this ;
On which, in glory gazing, we
Perchance shall oft remember thee,
And trace through it thine ancient frame
Distinct, like flame espied through flame,
Or like our earliest friends, above

Not lost, though merged in heavenlier love —
How changed, yet still the same !

HUMAN LIFE.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet ;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived because so fleet ;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat ;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing ;
And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet :
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still ;
And sweet our life's decline for it hath left us
A nearer Good to cure an older Ill ;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies
 them.

SONGS.

'WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I SAID TO SORROW.'

WHEN I was young, I said to Sorrow,
Come, and I will play with thee : —
 He is near me now all day ;
 And at night returns to say,
I will come again to-morrow,
 I will come and stay with thee.

Through the woods we walk together ;
His soft footsteps rustle nigh me ;
 To shield an unregarded head,
 He hath built a winter shed ;
And all night in rainy weather,
 I hear his gentle breathings by me.

'SING THE OLD SONG.'

SING the old song, amid the sounds dispersing
 That burden treasured in your hearts too long;
 Sing it with voice low breathed, but never name her.
 She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing
 High thoughts, too high to mate with mortal song —
 Bend o'er her, gentle Heaven, but do not claim her!

In twilight caves, and secret lonelineses,
 She shades the bloom of her unearthly days;
 And the soft winds alone have power to woo her:
 Far off we catch the dark gleam of her tresses;
 And wild birds haunt the wood-walks where she strays,
 Intelligible music warbling to her.

That Spirit charged to follow and defend her,
 He also, doubtless, suffers this love-pain;
 And she perhaps is sad, hearing his sighing:
 And yet that face is not so sad as tender;
 Like some sweet singer's when her sweetest strain
 From the heaved heart is gradually dying!

'SOFTLY, O MIDNIGHT HOURS!'

SOFTLY, O midnight Hours!
 Move softly o'er the bowers
 Where lies in happy sleep a girl so fair!
 For ye have power, men say,
 Our hearts in sleep to sway,
 And cage cold fancies in a moonlight snare.
 Round ivory neck and arm
 Enclasp a separate charm:
 Hang o'er her poised; but breathe nor sigh nor prayer:

Silently ye may smile,
But hold your breath the while,
And let the wind sweep back your cloudy hair !

Bend down your glittering urns
Ere yet the dawn returns,
And star with dew the lawn her feet shall tread ;
Upon the air rain balm ;
Bid all the woods be calm ;
Ambrosial dreams with healthful slumbers wed.
That so the Maiden may
With smiles your care repay
When from her couch she lifts her golden head ;
Waking with earliest birds,
Ere yet the misty herds
Leave warm 'mid the gray grass their dusky bed.

'SEEK NOT THE TREE OF SILKIEST BARK.'

SEEK not the tree of silkiest bark
And balmiest bud,
To carve her name — while yet 'tis dark —
Upon the wood.
The world is full of noble tasks,
And wreaths hard-won ;
Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands,
Till day is done.

Sing not that violet-veinèd skin
That cheek's pale roses ;
The lily of that form wherein
Her soul reposes !
Forth to the fight, true man, true knight !
The clash of arms
Shall more prevail than whispered tale
To win her charms.

The warrior for the True, the Right,
 Fights in Love's name :
The love that lures thee from that fight
 Lures thee to shame.
That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
 The spirit free,
That love, or none, is fit for one
 Man-shaped like thee.

ALFRED DOMETT.

GO TO SLEEP.

GOOD-NIGHT, my life's love ! go to sleep !
Those simple words how much they mean !
Your darling form I still may keep,
Your head may on my shoulder lean ;
The casket my fond arm may clasp —
The jewel — Soul, escapes my grasp !

Sleep is a still, enchanted wood
With narrow walks which you must tread
Quite by yourself, whoe'er intrude,
Elf, fairy, goblin, demon dread ! —
Dear, may you find, in this your plight,
A pleasant pathway to the light !

Sleep, sweet one, is an opening door
Into the other world ; the hole,
Like urchins at a peepshow poor,
You peep through at the realms of Soul :
But you must look through it alone,
To two at once 't is never shown.

Sleep is a faithful friend black-stoled,
Who in the hush on tiptoe steals
To break the chains of Sense that hold
The soul its captive ; and reveals
The clime Day's prison-walls shut out
With brightness built all round about.

Day is a restless Harlequin
Whose wand half frights the Soul away ;
But sleep the shy recluse can win
To quite forget her house of clay ;

From Day to hidden garrets flown,
Sleep brings fair guests to lure her down.

Sleep ushers in all spirit things ;
Our elbow-mates good Angels be ;
We hear the rustling of their wings,
We seem to feel Eternity ;
Our dead ones greet us ; souls we miss
Come from their world to comfort this.

A magic-lantern, Sleep ! each slide
A life ! — a rich kaleidoscope
That turns and shakes out issues wide
Of folly, fear, hate, kindness, hope :
A garden, where a moment bears
The blossom and the fruit of years.

Dreams in her Mart are chapmen prime
Who cheaply sell experience rare ;
Condemned for murder — foul with crime —
Shame, guilt, remorse, unstained we share ;
Uninjured test all dooms of love ;
And O, what deadliest perils prove !

Pushed o'er a cliff, in wild despair
We cling, and see against the sky
Its trembling grass, through empty air
As sweeps the breeze so faintly by ;
We grasp a bush — Ah, treacherous stay,
We feel its roots are giving way !

Our eyes we shut, our teeth we set,
Like lightning fall — our breath is gone !
But, strange event unheard of yet,
Like thin cascades from vast heights thrown,
Whisked off in mist, — from that dread brink
As on a nurse's lap we sink ! —

Crisp sunset-beams green meads enfold ;
Brushing the buttercups we range ;
' See, love, your chin reflects their gold ! ' —
A sudden sense of something strange
At hand — a rumble and a shake —
A lurid gloom our fears awake !

Look ! pale red rays stand fixed in air,
Shot from the earth that quivering heaves ;
The trees turn purple ; here and there
A cold light glitters on the leaves
Like faces livid with the flames
Of liquids burnt at Christmas games.

Then seems the roaring sky one black
And wide rock driving overhead
With many a broad and branching crack !
Our only thought is : ' We are dead !
Horror ! the world is at an end ! '
And then — those rocks do *not* descend ! —

Awake, the coverings of the couch,
Still shuddering, round us close we pull,
Lest we the awful Spirits touch,
Of which the chamber must be full ;
It seems so still — so deeply hushed
After that world split, shattered, crushed !

O rich, sweet, dreadful Sleep, why mix
Your guests such cups of bootless fright ?
Is there a meaning in your tricks ? —
Methinks such lessons you indite
To teach us actual Death to view
As such a harmless terror too !

Then go to Sleep, sweet ! I must lend
Your Soul to her, whate'er her mood ;

Sweet Soul, go seek her, as a friend
 Whose wildest freaks will work you good !
 And look from those dear windows blue
 At morn — and tell all you 've been through !

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night !
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars —
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain :
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night !
 The senator of haughty Rome,
 Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home ;
 Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
 What recked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor ;
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
 Across his path. He passed — for naught
 Told what was going on within ;

How keen the stars, his only thought —
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

Oh, strange indifference ! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares ;
The earth was still — but knew not why
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever !
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever —
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness — charmed and holy now !
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given ;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

A GLEE FOR WINTER.

HENCE, rude Winter ! crabbed old fellow,
Never merry, never mellow !
Well-a-day ! in rain and snow
What will keep one's heart aglow ?
Groups of kinsmen, old and young,
Oldest they old friends among !

Groups of friends, so old and true,
That they seem our kinsmen
These all merry ail together,
Charm away chill Winter weather !

What will kill this dull old fellow ?
Ale that 's bright, and wine that 's mellow !
Dear old songs for ever new ;
Some true love, and laughter too ;
Pleasant wit, and harmless fun,
And a dance when day is done !
Music — friends so true and tried —
Whispered love by warm fireside —
Mirth at all times all together —
Make sweet May of Winter weather !

AT TELL'S CHAPEL.

WHEN chains are rent, God's work is done,
And God 's avenged in Freedom won !
To Man that God his image gave,
'Tis wronged — 'tis outraged in a slave.
Therefore it was a righteous deed,
And worthiest of their Christian creed,
To raise upon the simplest sod
Where William Tell had fought or trod
A holy altar unto God !

LORD HOUGHTON.

*THE TWO THEOLOGIES.*THE MYSTIC *speaks*.

It must be that the light divine
That on your soul is pleased to shine
Is other than what falls on mine :

For you can fix and formalize
The Power on which you raise your eyes,
And trace him in his palace-skies ;

You can perceive and almost touch
His attributes as such and such,
Almost familiar overmuch.

You can his thoughts and ends display,
In fair historical array,
From Adam to the judgment-day.

You can adjust to time and place
The sweet effusions of his grace,
And feel yourself before his face.

You walk as in some summer night,
With moon or stars serenely bright,
On which you gaze — at ease — upright.

But I am like a flower sun-bent,
Exhaling all its life and scent
Beneath the heat omnipotent.

I have not comforts such as you, —
I rather suffer good than do, —
Yet God is my Deliverer too.

I cannot think Him here or there —
I think Him ever everywhere —
Unfading light, unstifled air.

I lay a piteous mortal thing, —
Yet shadowed by his spirit's wing,
A deathless life could in me spring :

And thence I am, and still must be ;
What matters whether I or He ?
Little was there to love in me.

I know no beauty, bliss, or worth,
In that which we call Life on earth,
That we should mourn its loss or dearth :

That we should sorrow for its sake,
If God will the imperfect take
Unto Himself, and perfect make.

O Lord ! our separate lives destroy !
Merge in thy gold our soul's alloy, —
Pain is our own, and Thou art Joy !

THE TREASURE SHIP.

My heart is freighted full of love,
As full as any argosy,
With gems below and gems above,
And ready for the open sea ;
For the wind is blowing summerly.

Full strings of nature's beaded pearl,
Sweet tears ! composed in amorous ties
And turkis-lockets, that no churl
Hath fashioned out mechanic-wise,
But all made up of thy blue eyes.

And girdles wove of subtle sound,
And thoughts not trusted to the air,
Of antique mould, — the same as bound,
In Paradise, the primal pair,
Before Love's arts and niceness were.

And carcanets of living sighs ;
Gums that have dropped from Love's own stem
And one small jewel most I prize —
The darling gaud of all of them —
I wot, so rare and fine a gem
Ne'er glowed on Eastern anadem.

I've cased the rubies of thy smiles,
In rich and triply-plated gold ;
But *this* no other wealth defiles,
Itself itself can only hold —
The stealthy kiss on Maple-wold.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of Hours as they go by ;

For every man's weak self, alas !
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass ;

But if in earnest care you would
Metre out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content :

And more, — though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm, —

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done, —

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere Memory can retain, —

Upon your heart this truth may rise, —
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies ;

So should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower, —
A self-reviving thing of power ;

That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good, and future meed ;

Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill, —
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still ;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
Nor chirp of any bird,

But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid ;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —
The night came on alone, —
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne ;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind, —
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind :
It drew me nearer — nearer, —
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

IRELAND, 1847.

THE woes of Ireland are too deep for verse :
The Muse has many sorrows of her own ;
Griefs she may well to sympathy rehearse,
Pains she may soften by her gentle tone.

But the stark death in hunger and sharp cold,
The slow exhaustion of our mortal clay,
Are not for her to touch. — She can but fold
Her mantle o'er her head, and weep and pray.

O gracious Ruler of the rolling hours !
Let not this agony last over long ;
Restore a nation to its manly powers,
Give back its sufferings to the sphere of Song.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

TOMMY 'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead,
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed 's waste, I know, boys,
There 's not a blade will grow, boys,
'T is cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,
He 's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed ;
The cow 's dry and spare, boys,
She 's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she 's badly bred ;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There 'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red ;
There 's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land 's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed :
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We 've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head :
She 's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred !
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred !
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,
Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed,
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed !
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all 's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head ;
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There 's something not right, boys,
But I think it 's not in my head,
I 've kept my precious sight, boys, —
The Lord be hallowèd !
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivelled and shred,
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone,
The leaves are open and spread
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There 's nothing but cinders and sand,

The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer 's empty and cold ;
Over valley and wold
Wherever I turn my head
There 's a mildew and a mould,
The sun 's going out overhead,
And I 'm very old,
And Tommy 's dead.

What am I staying for, boys,
You 're all born and bred,
'T is fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed,
And she 's gone before, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,
She knew she 'd never see 't, boys,
And she stole off to bed ;
I 've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he 'd come home, he said,
But it 's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy 's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead ;
There 's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There 's something ill wi' the bread,
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

I 'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I 've such a sleepy head,
I shall nevermore be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.

What are you about, boys?
 The prayers are all said,
 The fire 's raked out, boys,
 And Tommy 's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
 You may carry me to the head,
 The night 's dark and deep, boys,
 Your mother 's long in bed,
 'T is time to go to sleep, boys,
 And Tommy 's dead.

I 'm not used to kiss, boys,
 You may shake my hand instead.
 All things go amiss, boys,
 You may lay me where she is, boys,
 And I 'll rest my old head :
 'T is a poor world, this, boys,
 And Tommy 's dead.

'WHEN THE RAIN IS ON THE ROOF.'

.
 LORD, I am very sorrowful. I know
 That Thou delightest to do well ; to wipe
 Tears from all eyes ; to bind the broken-hearted ;
 To comfort them that mourn ; to give to them
 Beauty for ashes, and to garb with joy
 The naked soul of grief. And what so good
 But Thou that wilt canst do it ? Which of all
 Thy works is less in wonder and in praise
 Than this poor heart's desire ? Give me, Oh, Lord,
 My heart's desire ! Wilt Thou refuse my prayer
 Who givest when no man asketh ? How great things,
 How unbesought, how difficult, how strange,

Thou dost in daily pleasure ! Who is like Thee,
 Oh, Lord of Life and Death ? The year is dead ;
 It smouldered in its smoke to the white ash
 Of winter : but Thou breathest and the fire
 Is kindled, and Thy summer bounty burns.
 This is a marvel to me. Day is buried ;
 And where they laid him in the west I see
 The mounded mountains. Yet shall he come back ;
 Not like a ghost that rises from his grave,
 But in the east the palace gates will ope,
 And he comes forth out of the feast, and I
 Behold him and the glory after him,
 Like to a messaged angel with wide arms
 Of rapture, all the honor in his eyes
 And blushing with the King. In the dark hours
 Thou hast been busy with him : for he went
 Down westward, and he cometh from the east,
 Not as toil-stained from travel, tho' his course
 And journey in the secrets of the night
 Be far as earth and heaven. This is a sum
 Too hard for me, oh, Lord ; I cannot do it.
 But Thou hast set it, and I know with Thee
 There is an answer. Man also, oh, Lord,
 Is clear and whole before Thee. Well I know
 That the strong skein and tangle of our life
 Thou holdest by the end. The mother dieth —
 The mother dieth ere her time, and like
 A jewel in the cinders of a fire,
 The child endures. Also, the son is slain,
 And she who bore him shrieks not while the steel
 Doth hack her some-time vitals, and transfix
 The heart she throbbed with. How shall these things
 be ?

.
 Surely, oh, Lord God,
 If he has gone down from me, if my child

Nowhere in any lands that see the sun
 Maketh the sunshine pleasant, if the earth
 Hath smoothed o'er him as waters o'er a stone,
 Yet is he farther from Thee than the day
 After its setting? Shalt Thou not, oh, Lord,
 Be busy with him in the under dark,
 And give him journey thro' the secret night,
 As far as earth and heaven? Aye, tho' Thou slay me
 Yet will I trust in Thee, and in his flesh
 Shall he see God! But, Lord, tho' I am sure
 That Thou canst raise the dead, oh, what has he
 To do with death? Our days of pilgrimage
 Are three-score years and ten; why should he die?
 Lord, this is grievous, that the heathen rage,
 And because they imagined a vain thing,
 That Thou shouldst send the just man that feared Thee,
 To smite it from their hands. Lord, who are they,
 That this my suckling lamb is their burnt-offering?
 That with my staff, oh, Lord, their fire is kindled,
 My ploughshare Thou dost beat into Thy sword,
 The blood Thou givest them to drink is mine?
 Let it be far from Thee to do to mine
 What if I did it to mine own, Thy curse
 Avengeth. Do I take the children's bread
 And give it to the dogs? Do I rebuke
 So widely that the aimless lash comes down
 On innocent and guilty? Do I lift
 The hand of goodness by the elbowed arm
 And break it on the evil? Not so. Not so.
 Lord, what advantageth it to be God
 If Thou do less than I?

.
 Lord, I am weeping. As Thou wilt, O Lord,
 Do with him as Thou wilt; but O, my God,
 Let him come back to die! Let not the fowls

O' the air defile the body of my child,
 My own fair child, that when he was a babe
 I lift up in my arms and gave to Thee!
 Let not his garment, Lord, be vilely parted,
 Nor the fine linen which these hands have spun
 Fall to the stranger's lot! Shall the wild bird —
 That would have pilfered of the ox — this year
 Disdain the pens and stalls? Shall her blind young,
 That on the flock and moult of brutish beasts
 Had been too happy, sleep in cloth of gold
 Whereof each thread is to this beating heart
 As a peculiar darling? Lo, the flies
 Hum o'er him! Lo, a feather from the crow
 Falls in his parted lips! Lo, his dead eyes
 See not the raven! Lo, the worm, the worm
 Creeps from his festering corse! My God! my God!

.

O Lord, Thou doest well. I am content.
 If Thou have need of him he shall not stay.
 But as one calleth to a servant, saying
 'At such a time be with me,' so, O Lord,
 Call him to Thee! O bid him not in haste
 Straight whence he standeth. Let him lay aside
 The soiled tools of labor. Let him wash
 His hands of blood. Let him array himself
 Meet for his Lord, pure from the sweat and fume
 Of corporal travail! Lord, if he must die,
 Let him die here. O take him where Thou gavest!

HOW 'S MY BOY?

'Ho, sailor of the sea!
 How 's my boy — my boy?'
 'What 's your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what good ship sailed he?'

'My boy John —
He that went to sea —
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

'You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John.

'How's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no, —
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the "Jolly Briton" —
'Speak low, woman, speak low!' —
'And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?'
'That good ship went down.'

'How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?'
'Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her.'

‘How’s my boy — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I’m not their mother —
How’s my boy — my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How’s my boy — my boy?’

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

FROM 'FESTUS,' ²⁰

FROM LUCIFER'S SERMON.

LUCIFER *speaks*.

COME, I'll unroll your hearts and read them to ye.
 To say ye live is but to say ye have souls,
 That ye have paid for them and mean to play them,
 Till some brave pleasure wins the golden stake,
 And rakes it up to death as to a bank.
 Ye live and die on what your souls will fetch ;
 And all are of different prices : therefore Hell
 Cannot well bargain for mankind in gross ;
 But each soul must be purchased, one by one.
 This it is makes men rate themselves so high :
 While truly ye are worth little : but to God
 Ye are worth more than to yourselves. By sin
 Ye wreak your spite against God — that ye know
 And knowing, will it. But I pray, I beg,
 Act with some smack of justice to your Maker,
 If not unto yourselves. Do ! It is enough
 To make the very Devil chide mankind —
 Such baseness, such unthankfulness ! Why he
 Thanks God he is no worse. You don't do that.
 I say be just to God. Leave off these airs.
 Know your place — speak to God — and say, for once,
 Go first, Lord ! Take your finger off your eye !
 It blocks the universe and God from sight.
 Think ye your souls are worth nothing to God ?
 Are they so small ? What can be great with God ?
 What will ye weigh against the Lord ? Yourselfes ?
 Bring out your balance : get in, man by man :

Add earth, heaven, hell, the universe ; that 's all.
 God puts his finger in the other scale,
 And up we bounce, a bubble. Nought is great
 Nor small with God — for none but He can make
 The atom indivisible, and none
 But He can make a world : He counts the orbs,
 He counts the atoms of the universe,
 And makes both equal — both are infinite.
 Giving God honor, never underrate
 Yourselves : after Him ye are everything.
 But mind ! God 's more than everything ; He is God.
 And what of me ? No, us ? no ! I mean the Devil ?
 Why see ye not he goes before both you
 And God ? Men say — as proud as Lucifer —
 Pray who would not be proud with such a train ?
 Hath he not all the honor of the earth ?
 Why Mammon sits before a million hearths
 Where God is bolted out from every house.
 Well might He say He cometh as a thief ;
 For He will break your bars and burst your doors
 Which slammed against him once, and turn ye out,
 Roofless and shivering, 'neath the doom-storm ; Heaven
 Shall crack above ye like a bell in fire,
 And bury all beneath its shining shards.
 He calls : ye hear not. Lo ! he comes — ye see not.
 No ; ye are deaf as a dead adder's ear :
 No ; ye are blind as never bat was blind,
 With a burning bloodshot blindness of the heart.
 A swimming, swollen senselessness of soul.

A WISH.

FESTUS speaks.

FOR me, I care not what 's to come,
 Nor for the fate by which I fall ;
 But I would that I were Ocean's son,

The solitary brave,
 Like yon sea-snake to climb upon
 The crest of the bounding wave.
 Oh ! happy, if at least I lie
 Within some pearled and coral cave ;
 While overhead the booming surge
 And moaning billow shall chant my dirge ;
 And the storms blast as it sweepeth by,
 Shall, answering, howl to the mermaid's sigh,
 And the night-wind's mournful minstrelsy,
 Their requiem over my grave.

STUDENTS.

FESTUS speaks.

. . . ALL mankind are students. How to live
 And how to die forms the great lesson still.
 I know what study is : it is to toil
 Hard, through the hours of the sad midnight watch,
 At tasks which seem a systematic curse,
 And course of bootless penance. Night by night,
 To trace one's thought as if on iron leaves ;
 And sorrowful as though it were the mode
 And date of death we wrote on our own tombs
 Wring a slight sleep out of the couch, and see
 The self-same moon, which lit us to our rest,
 Her place scarce changed perceptibly in Heaven
 Now light us to renewal of our toils. —
 This, to the young mind, wild and all in leaf,
 Which knowledge, grafting, paineth. Fruit soon comes,
 And more than all our troubles pays us powers ;
 So that we joyed to have endured so much :
 That not for nothing have we slaved and slain
 Ourselves almost. And more ; it is to strive
 To bring the mind up to one's own esteem :

Who but the generous fail? It is to think,
While thought is standing thick upon the brain
As dew upon the brow — for thought is brain-sweat
And gathering quick and dark, like storms in summer,
Until convulsed, condensed, in lightning sport,
It plays upon the heavens of the mind, —
Opens the hemisphered abysses here,
And we become revealers to ourselves.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

FESTUS *speaks.*

. . . MAY you never
Regret those hours which make the mind, if they
Unmake the body; for the sooner we
Are fit to be all mind, the better. Blest
Is he whose heart is the home of the great dead,
And their great thoughts. Who can mistake great thoughts?
They seize upon the mind — arrest, and search,
And shake it — bow the tall soul as by wind —
Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
Which quaver in the current — turn us cold,
And pale and voiceless; leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing, — glorious
But momentary, madness might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal!

YOUTH.

FESTUS *speaks.*

THE night is glooming on us. It is the hour
When lovers will speak lowly, for the sake
Of being nigh each other; and when love
Shoots up the eye like morning on the east,

Making amends for the long northern night
 They passed ere either knew the other loved.
 It is the hour of hearts, when all hearts feel
 As they could love to mad death, finding aught
 To give back fire ; for love, like nature, is
 War — sweet war ! Arms ! To arms ! so they be thine,
 Woman ! Old people may say what they please —
 The heart of age is like an emptied wine-cup,
 Its life lies in a heel-tap — how can they judge ?
 'T were waste of time to ask how they wasted theirs.
 But while the blood is bright, breath sweet, skin smooth,
 And limbs all made to minister delight —
 Ere yet we have shed our locks like trees their leaves,
 And we stand staring bare into the air —
 He is a fool who is not for love and beauty.
 I speak unto the young, for I am of them,
 And always shall be. What are years to me ?
 Traitors ! That vice-like fang the hand ye lick :
 Ye fall like small birds beaten by a storm
 Against a dead wall, dead. I pity ye.
 Oh ! that such mean things should raise hope or fear ;
 Those Titans of the heart, that fight at Heaven
 And sleep by fits on fire ; whose slightest stir 's
 An earthquake. I am bound and blest to youth !
 Oh ! give me to the young — the fair — the free —
 The brave, who would breast a rushing, burning world
 Which came between them and their heart's delight.
 None but the brave and beautiful can love.
 Oh, for the young heart like a fountain playing !
 Flinging its bright, fresh feelings up to the skies
 It loves and strives to reach — strives, loves in vain ;
 It is of earth, and never meant for Heaven.
 Let us love both, and die. The sphinx-like heart,
 Consistent in inconsistency,
 Loathes life the moment that life's riddle is read :
 The knot of our existence is untied,

And we lie loose and useless. Life is had;
 And then we sigh, and say, can this be all?
 It is not what we thought — it is very well —
 But we want something more — there is but death.
 And when we have said, and seen, and done, and had,
 Enjoyed, and suffered, all we have wished and feared —
 From fame to ruin, and from love to loathing —
 There can come but one more change — try it — death.
 Oh! it is great to feel we care for nothing —
 That hope, nor love, nor fear, nor aught of earth
 Can check the royal lavishment of life;
 But like a streamer strown upon the wind,
 We fling our souls to fate and to the future.
 And to die young is youth's divinest gift, —
 To pass from one world fresh into another,
 Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,
 And feel the immortal impulse from within
 Which makes the coming, life, cry, always, on!
 And follow it while strong, is heaven's last mercy.
 There is a fire-fly in the southern clime
 Which shineth only when upon the wing;
 So is it with the mind: when once we rest,
 We darken. On! said God unto the soul
 As to the earth, for ever. On it goes,
 A rejoicing native of the infinite —
 As a bird of air — an orb of heaven.

TO A PIANO.

HELEN *speaks*.

By the sweet muse of music, I could swear
 I do believe it smiles upon me; see it
 Full of unuttered music, like a bird;
 Rich in invisible treasures, like a bud
 Of unborn sweets and thick about the heart

With ripe and rosy beauty — full to trembling.
 I love it like a sister. Hark! — its tones;
 They melt the soul within one like a sword,
 Albeit sheathed by lightning.

AUTHORSHIP.

FESTUS speaks.

NEVER be in haste in writing.
 Let that thou utterest be of nature's flow,
 Not art's; a fountain's, not a pump's. But once
 Begun, work thou all things into thy work;
 And set thyself about it, as the sea
 About earth, lashing at it day and night.
 And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it
 As thorough as the fossil flower in clay.
 The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,
 Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising,
 Rending the stones and crying, Resurrection!

WOMAN'S LIFE.

HELEN speaks.

OUR life is comely as a whole; nay more,
 Like rich brown ringlets, with odd hairs all gold.
 We women have four seasons, like the year,
 Our spring is in our lightsome girlish days,
 When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy;
 Ere, yet we know what love is or the ill
 Of being loved by those whom we love not.
 Summer is when we love and are beloved,
 And seems short; from its very splendor seems
 To pass the quickest; crowned with flowers it flies.
 Autumn, when some young thing with tiny hands,
 And rosy cheeks, and flossy tendrilled locks,

Is wantoning about us day and night.
 And winter is when these we love have perished;
 For the heart ices then. And the next spring
 Is in another world, if one there be.
 Some miss one season, some another; this
 Shall have them early, and that late; and yet
 The year wears round with all as best it may,
 There is no rule for it; but in the main
 It is as I have said.

MAN.

LUCIFER *speaks*.

THE infinite opposition of Perfection
 To imperfection leaves nor choice nor mean.
 Thus the demeanor of thy world grieved God,
 Till its destruction pleased Him, and its name
 Was struck out of the starry scroll; thus all
 Creation worketh infinite grief in Time.
 When human nature is most perfect, then
 Its fall is nearest, as of ripest fruit.
 Man's pleasure in the world — to both of which
 His nature is made fit — is not of God,
 Save theirs on whom His spirit He bestows,
 As in a twilight between earth and Heaven,
 A promissory Being unfulfilled —
 But still how glorious to the stone-blind world.
 This is in time, but in eternity,
 He raises, remakes, adds to all He made
 His own immortalizing love and grace,
 Which keeps them ever pure as is the sea,
 And incorruptible in godly will.
 The bliss of God and man originates,
 Unites and ends in self — in Deity:
 To whom is neither motive — good — nor end
 Greater or less, or other than Himself.

THE HEATHEN GODS.

ELISSA *speaks*.

IF I do not believe I do not scorn them.
Nay, I could mourn for them and pray for them.
I can scorn nothing which a nation's heart
Hath held, for ages, holy : for the heart
Is alike holy in its strength and weakness :
It ought not to be jested with, nor scorned.
All things, to me, are sacred that have been,
And, though earth, like a river, streaked with blood,
Which tells a long and silent tale of death,
May blush her history and hide her eyes,
The past is sacred — it is God's, not ours.
Let her and us do better if we can.

COVENTRY KEARSEY DEIGHTON
PATMORE.FROM 'THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.'²¹*THE TRIBUTE.*

FROM BOOK I., CANTO IV.

BOON Nature to the woman bows ;
 She walks in earth's whole glory clad,
And, chiefest far herself of shows,
 All others help her, and are glad :
No splendor 'neath the sky's proud dome
 But serves for her familiar wear ;
The far-fetched diamond finds its home
 Flashing and smouldering in her hair ;
For her the seas their pearls reveal ;
 Art and strange lands her pomp supply
With purple, chrome, and cochineal,
 Ochre, and lapis lazuli ;
The worm its golden woof presents ;
 Whatever runs, flies, dives, or delves,
All doff for her their ornaments,
 Which suit her better than themselves ;
And all, by this their power to give,
 Proving her right to take, proclaim
Her beauty's clear prerogative
 To profit so by Eden's blame.

PROSPECTIVE FAITH.

FROM BOOK I., CANTO V.

THEY safely walk in darkest ways
 Whose youth is lighted from above,
 Where, through the senses' silvery haze,
 Dawns the veiled moon of nuptial love.

Who is the happy husband? He
 Who, scanning his unwedded life,
 Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free,
 'T was faithful to his future wife.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

FROM BOOK I., CANTO VII.

How vilely 't were to misdeserve
 The poet's gift of perfect speech,
 In song to try, with trembling nerve,
 The limit of its utmost reach,
 Only to sound the wretched praise
 Of what to-morrow shall not be;
 So mocking with immortal bays
 The cross-bones of mortality!
 I do not thus. My faith is fast
 That all the loveliness I sing
 Is made to bear the mortal blast,
 And blossom in a better Spring.
 Doubts of eternity ne'er cross
 The Lover's mind, divinely clear;
For ever is the gain or loss
 Which maddens him with hope or fear:
 So trifles serve for his relief,
 And trifles make him sick and pale;

And yet his pleasure and his grief
Are both on a majestic scale.
The chance, indefinitely small,
Of issue infinitely great,
Eclipses finite interests all,
And has the dignity of fate.

ORPHEUS.

FROM BOOK II., CANTO I.

THE music of the Sirens found
Ulysses weak, though cords were strong;
But happier Orpheus stood unbound,
And shamed it with a sweeter song.
His mode be mine. Of Heav'n I ask,
May I, with heart-persuading might,
Pursue the Poet's sacred task
Of superseding faith by sight,
Till ev'n the witless Gadarene,
Preferring Christ to swine, shall know
That life is sweetest when it's clean.
To prouder folly let me show
Earth by divine light made divine;
And let the saints, who hear my word,
Say, 'Lo, the clouds begin to shine
About the coming of the Lord!'

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

FROM BOOK II., CANTO IV.

WHAT should I do? In such a wife
Fortune had lavished all her store,
And nothing now seemed left for life
But to deserve her more and more.

To this I vowed my life's whole scope ;
And Love said, ' I forewarn you now,
The Maiden will fulfil your hope
Only as you fulfil your vow.'

A promised service (task for days),
Was done this morning while she slept,
With that full heart which thinks no praise
Of vows which are not more than kept;
But loftier work did love impose,
And studious hours. Alas, for these,
While she from all my thoughts arose
Like Venus from the restless seas !

I conned a scheme, with mind elate :
My Uncle's land would fall to me,
My skill was much in school debate,
My friends were strong in Salisbury ;
A place in Parliament once gained,
Thro' saps first labored out of sight,
Far loftier peaks were then attained
With easy leaps from height to height ;
And that o'erwhelming honor paid,
Or recognized, at least, in life,
Which this most sweet and noble Maid
Should yield to him who called her Wife.

I fixed this rule : in Sarum Close
To make two visits every week,
The first, to-day ; and, save on those,
I nought would do, think, read, or speak,
Which did not help my settled will
To earn the Statesman's proud applause.
And now, forthwith, to mend my skill
In ethics, politics, and laws,

The Statesman's learning ! Flushed with power
And pride of freshly-formed resolve,
I read Helvetius half-an-hour ;
But, halting in attempts to solve
Why, more than all things else that be,
A lady's grace hath force to move
That sensitive appetency
Of intellectual good, called love,
Took Blackstone down, only to draw
My swift-deriving thoughts ere long
To love, which is the source of law,
And, like a king, can do no wrong ;
Then opened Hyde, where loyal hearts,
With faith unpropped by precedent,
Began to play rebellious parts.
O, mighty stir that little meant !
How dull the crude, ploughed fields of fact
To me who trod the Elysian grove !
How idle all heroic act
By the least suffering of love !
I could not read ; so took my pen,
And thus commenced, in form of notes,
A Lecture for the Salisbury men,
With due regard to Tory votes :
' A road 's a road, though worn to ruts ;
They speed who travel straight therein :
But he who tacks and tries short cuts
Gets fools' praise and a broken shin — '
And here I stopped in sheer despair ;
But, what to-day was thus begun,
I vowed, up starting from my chair,
To-morrow should indeed be done ;
So loosed my chafing thoughts from school,
To play with fancy as they chose,
And then, according to my rule,
I dressed, and came to Sarum Close.

Ah, that sweet laugh ! Diviner sense
 Did Nature, forming her, inspire
 To omit the grosser elements,
 And make her all of air and fire !

To-morrow, Cowes' Regatta fell :
 The Dean would like his girls to go,
 If I went too. 'Most gladly.' Well,
 I did but break a foolish vow !
 Unless Love's toil has love for prize,
 (And then he 's Hercules), above
 All other contrarities
 Is labor contrary to love.
 No fault of Love's, but nature's laws !
 And Love, in idleness, lies quick ;
 For as the worm whose powers make pause,
 And swoon, through alteration sick,
 The soul, its wingless state dissolved,
 Awaits its nuptial life complete,
 All indolently self-convolved,
 Cocooned in silken fancies sweet.

THE KISS.

FROM BOOK II., CANTO VIII.

'I SAW you take his kiss !' 'T is true.'
 'O, modesty !' 'T was strictly kept :
 He thought me asleep ; at least, I knew
 He thought I thought he thought I slept.'

THE AZALEA.

THERE, where the sun shines first
 Against our room,
 She trained the gold Azalea, whose perfume
 She, Spring-like, from her breathing grace dispersed.

Last night the delicate crests of saffron bloom,
For that their dainty likeness watched and nurst,
Were just at point to burst.
At dawn I dreamed, O God, that she was dead,
And groaned aloud upon my wretched bed,
And waked, ah, God, and did not waken her,
But lay, with eyes still closed,
Perfectly blessed in the delicious sphere
By which I knew so well that she was near,
My heart to speechless thankfulness composed.
Till 'gan to stir
A dizzy somewhat in my troubled head —
It *was* the azalea's breath, and she *was* dead!
The warm night had the lingering buds disclosed,
And I had fall'n asleep with to my breast
A chance-found letter pressed
In which she said,
'So, till to-morrow eve, my Own, adieu!
Parting 's well-paid with soon again to meet,
Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,
Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you!'

THE NOVELIST POETS.

THE NOVELIST POETS.

EMILY BRONTË.

HOPE.

HOPE was but a timid friend ;
She sat without the grated den,
Watching how my fate would tend,
Even as selfish-hearted men.

She was cruel in her fear ;
Through the bars, one dreary day,
I looked out to see her there,
And she turned her face away !

Like a false guard, false watch keeping,
Still, in strife, she whispered peace ;
She would sing while I was weeping ;
If I listened, she would cease.

False she was, and unrelenting ;
When my last joys strewed the ground,
Even Sorrow saw, repenting,
Those sad relics scattered round ;

Hope, whose whisper would have given
Balm to all my frenzied pain,
Stretched her wings, and soared to heaven,
Went, and ne'er returned again !

MY COMFORTER.

WELL hast thou spoken, and yet, not taught
A feeling strange or new ;
Thou hast but roused a latent thought,
A cloud-closed beam of sunshine, brought
To gleam in open view.

Deep down, concealed within my soul,
That light lies hid from men :
Yet, glows unquenched — though shadows roll,
Its gentle ray cannot control,
About the sullen den.

Was I not vexed, in these gloomy ways
To walk alone so long ?
Around me, wretches uttering praise,
Or howling o'er their hopeless days,
And each with Frenzy's tongue ; —

A brotherhood of misery,
Their smiles as sad as sighs ;
Whose madness daily maddened me,
Distorting into agony
The bliss before my eyes !

So stood I, in Heaven's glorious sun,
And in the glare of Hell ;
My spirit drank a mingled tone,
Of seraph's song, and demon's moan ;
What my soul bore, my soul alone
Within itself may tell !

Like a soft air, above a sea,
Tossed by the tempest's stir ;
A thaw-wind, melting quietly

The snow-drift, on some wintry lea ;
No : what sweet thing resembles thee,
My thoughtful Comforter ?

And yet a little longer speak,
Calm this resentful mood ;
And while the savage heart grows meek,
For other token do not seek,
But let the tear upon my cheek
Evince my gratitude !

A DEATH-SCENE.

O DAY ! he cannot die
When thou so fair art shining !
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining ;

He cannot leave thee now,
While fresh west winds are blowing,
And all around his youthful brow
Thy cheerful light is glowing !

‘ Edward, awake, awake —
The golden evening gleams
Warm and bright on Arden’s lake —
Arouse thee from thy dreams !

‘ Beside thee, on my knee,
My dearest friend, I pray
That thou, to cross the eternal sea,
Wouldst yet one hour delay :

‘ I hear its billows roar —
I see them foaming high ;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.

‘ Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond ;
Turn back, from that tempestuous surge,
To thy own native land.

‘ It is not death, but pain
That struggles in thy breast —
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again ;
I cannot let thee rest ! ’

One long look, that sore reproved me
For the woe I could not bear —
One mute look of suffering moved me
To repent my useless prayer :

And, with sudden check, the heaving
Of distraction passed away ;
Not a sign of further grieving
Stirred my soul that awful day.

Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting ;
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze :
Summer dew fell softly, wetting
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.

Then his eyes began to weary,
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep ;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,
Never moved, and never closed ;
Troubled still, and still they ranged not —
Wandered not, nor yet reposed !

So I knew that he was dying —
Stooped, and raised his languid head ;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing.
So I knew that he was dead.

STANZAS.

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be :
To-day, I will seek not the shadowy region ;
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear ;
And visions rising, legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.
I 'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguished faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.
I 'll walk where my own nature would be leading :
It vexes me to choose another guide :
Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are feeding ;
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.

THE OLD STOIC.

RICHES I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn ;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn :
And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, ' Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty ! '
Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
' T is all that I implore ;
In life and death, a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

LAST LINES.

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arousing me from fear.

O God, within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life — that in me has rest,
As I — undying Life — have power in thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity ;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou — THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be destroyed.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

*THE WIFE OF MILETUS.*²²

IN that dread time when Gaul her ravening swarms
Launched upon Greece, the Matrons of Miletus,
Honoring the yearly rites of Artemis,
With songs and offerings, gathered to the temple

That stands unwall'd, six stadia from the town;
And, in the midst of their melodious hymnings,
A barbarous band down from the mountains swooped
Sudden as swoops on clustered doves the eagle.

When with their spoil the Gauls resought their land,
Freeing a Greek of rank whom they had captured,
They sent him to Miletus, with these words,
‘The Gauls in war respect the nuptial altars,

‘And accept ransom, paid within a year,
For the fair captives seized within your temple,
Their honor sacred till the year expire,
But if unransomed then — the slaves of conquest.

‘Each Greek, who comes with ransom for his wife,
Safe as a herald when he cross our borders;
Hervor the Celt, in the Massalian port,
Will to all seekers give instruction needful.’

Milesian husbands heard and answered ‘Good!’
Yet made no haste to profit by the message.
The way was long, of dire repute the Gaul,
Few foxes trust the honor of the lion;

And, as no sum was fixed, 't were treasure lost
To take too much — pains lost to take too little.
Among these widowed spouses, one alone,
Xanthus, although his lost delight, Erippe,

Had with no dowry swelled his slender means,
Prized his wife more than misers prize their coffers ;
And that the ransom might not fall too short,
He sold his house, his herds, his fields, and vineyards ;

And having thus converted into coin
His all, and all compared with her seemed nothing,
He sailed for Gaul to buy the priceless back ;
Reaching the seaport founded by Phocæa,

He learnt Erippe's whereabouts, and, led
By a Celt guide across the Gaul's wild borders,
Paused at the cone-shaped palace of a chief
Lifted to rule upon the shields of battle.

There, at the door, the Greek beheld his wife
Carding the wool for her barbarian captor.
'Joy, joy !' he cried ; 'I see thee once again,
Freed — save from love. for I have brought the ransom.'

And while, with kisses broken by his sobs,
He clasped her to his breast, out strode the Chieftain,
Roused by strange voices and his barking dogs.
Head taller than the rest ; his long locks yellowing

The cold clear air, with undulating gleam ;
His ample front serene with power unquestioned,
A wolf's-hide mantle for his robe of state ;
In his right hand a boar-spear for a sceptre.

Already versed in the barbarian tongue,
Erippe, breaking from her lord's embraces,
Said, 'Lo my husband ! he hath crossed the seas,
And brought, if thou accept it still, my ransom.'

The Gaul looked down a moment; the wolf's hide
 Stirred with a fuller swell of his strong life-blood;
 Then raising the clear light of his blue eyes,
 He stretched his vast hand o'er the brows of Xanthus;

'Sacred,' he said, 'are marriage and man's hearth;
 Pass through these doors, a guest; the guest is sacred.'
 The guide by Hervor lent, as one who knew
 The Grecian tongue, explained these words to Xanthus;

For here, as if by joy or by surprise
 Quite overcome, Erippe trembled voiceless,
 And, when her lord's eye sought her, she was gone,
 Lost in the inner labyrinths of that dwelling.

The Gaul placed meats and mead before his guest,
 To whom, when thus refreshed, he spoke, — 'Milesian,
 Thou com'st in time while yet the promised year
 Lacks a brief moon of the completed circle;

'Had the year lapsed — the woman's face is fair,
 And I am wifeless — haply I had loved her.
 Enough — now tell me what thy worldly wealth,
 And what proportion thou wouldst yield as ransom.'

Speaking thus thro' the interpreter, the Greek
 Thro' the interpreter replied: 'My father,
 Tho' nobly born, left me but scanty lands;
 These I have sold in haste at no slight losses.

'A thousand golden staters have I brought.'
 More had he said, the Gaul cut short the sentence.
 'Hold there! I see thine is no niggard soul:
 That which thou gainest, and I yield, has value

'To be assessed according as it seems
 Singled from millions as the world's one woman;
 'Tis all or nought. Thou wouldst concede thine all;
 I can take nought: the fourth part is my people's,

‘The rest our law makes mine — I give it back.

Go, tell thy wife she is no more my captive;
The morrow’s sun shall light ye homeward both.’

Then by a stern-faced handmaid to the chamber,

Where his wife waited him, the Greek was led,

And left to tell Erippe his glad tidings.

‘How the gods favor me! A kiss!’ he cried.

‘Had adverse winds delayed my Cyprian galley,

‘This wolf-skin wearer says he might have loved,

And made thee — horror! — wife of a barbarian.

But be we just! the savage hath a soul

Not found among the traffickers of Hellas;

‘And of the thousand staters I proposed,

Takes but a fourth; small ransom for Erippe.’

She, curious as her sex, then made her lord

Tell, word by word, all Greek and Gaul had uttered:

And having heard, cried, ‘Thou hast lost us both:

I know how void thy chest; a thousand staters!

Thou canst not have the tenth of such a sum,

And when the Gaul detects thee in this falsehood’ —

‘Hush!’ said the husband; ‘I have sold our all,

Our house, our herds, our cornfields, and our vineyards:

I named one thousand staters to the Gaul,

Meaning to add, but his impatience stopped me,

“That sum is half my all; the other half

Is also here, sewed up in my slaves’ garments;

If half suffice not, take the whole!” These Gauls

Guess not the price at which we Greeks rate beauty.

‘What! coy as ever? Well, I love thee so!’

At early dawn, while yet her Xanthus slumbered,

She who had slept not, slipped from his side,

Donned her silk robe, and sleeked her amber tresses;

And stole, light-footed, to the outer door,
 Where, as she knew his wont, with eyes fixed eastward,
 To greet his shrineless Helios, stood the Gaul.
 Starting, he turned, quick-eared, to her fine footfall ;

His eyes met hers. Were hers, then, danger-fraught,
 That in his strong right hand the spear-staff trembled ?
 'Seekest thou me?' he said. 'Yea, thee!' 'Alone!
 Where is thy lord?' 'Still slumbering in yon chamber.'

'What wouldst thou?' 'Hist! a secret. Bend thine ear,
 Nor let thine aspect lose its wonted kindness.
 Know my base husband has deceived thee, Gaul.
 Sewn in the garments of his slaves is twofold

'The sum he proffered. Take that gold and me !
 For him I loathe and thee I love. O master,
 Thou wouldst have loved me had not this man come ;
 He for his falsehood merits death : so be it !

'Let one life cease to stand between us two !'
 As she thus spoke, the Gaul his wolf-hide mantle
 Plucked o'er his visage with a sudden hand,
 And from that veil his voice with hollow murmur

Came to her ear. 'Is it thy true thought speaks ?
 Mine the wife's love, and mine the husband's murderer ?
 If it be murder to chastise a fraud,
 Love, to reach love, is a divine destroyer.'

He raised his looks, in wonder that the Gods,
 While hating Evil, clothed it in such beauty ;
 And whispered, 'Is thy husband not my guest ?
 Let me forget that thou hast said this horror,

'Wearing a face in which, were I thy lord,
 Singled from millions, blooms the world's one woman.
 Touch me not, speak not, for thy touch and word
 Alike are fire. Gods of the brave, forgive me,

‘For I do think that what I feel is fear.’

So he shook off the hands that clasped his mantle,
And, striding thro’ the doorway, left her alone.

But she, more bent on crime by his rejections,

And gladdening, ’mid her shame, to feel her power,
Smiled and said, ‘Ah! he loves me, and I conquer;
Hath he not owned my words and touch are fire?’

Back to the chamber where yet slept the husband

Snake-like she crept, and cut on yielding wax
Words deep enough for pathway into Hades.
Seeking, with Grecian sophistry of guile,
To dupe the rudeness of barbarian reason,

She wrote, ‘Thy guest be sacred in thy realm,
But at thy borders guest returns to debtor,
And if the debtor by a lie repay
The generous creditor’s large-souled concession,

‘What stings to wrath the generous like deceit?
Conduct us to the frontier; there give orders
To search the garments of the Grecian slaves;
The fraud exposed becomes thy clear acquittal

‘With gods and men, for that which sets me free;
The vilest slavery is a hated wedlock.
We Grecian women do not choose our mates.
Blessèd our lot if loving him who chooses;

‘If not, a life-long pining. Better death!
But death to whom — the prisoner or the jailer?
We should be prophets could we but divine
If the strange breast whereon our simple childhood,

‘Torn from its stem, is tortured into graft,
Hath life-sap healthful to our growth as woman.
A man was found to wed me without dower,
He sells his all to purchase back his bargain;

‘Never asked that man, “Has this thing a heart?”

Content if deeming that the thing has beauty,
Saying, “I love,” but not “Canst thou love me?”

Love is no deity except when twin-born,

‘Sprung from two hearts, each yearning unto each,

Until they meet, tho’ Hades yawned between them.

Thou art to me the world’s one man, and I,

For good or ill, to thee the world’s one woman.’

This writ, she took the tablets to a youth

Who, as the Gallic chieftain’s buckler-bearer,

Stood readiest to his hest at feast or fight,

And bade him seek and give them to his master.

The sun paused midway between morn and eve

When the shield-bearer brought his chieftain’s answer,

Saying, ‘I wait to lead thee and thy lord

Along the wastes and woodland to our borders.’

She, with a dreadful joy in this reply

Cried to her husband, ‘Hasten our departure ;

The Gaul is chafed that we so long delay.’

A little while, and thro’ the mountain gorges

Shadowing the sun, the slow procession moved.

Heading his chosen guard stalked first the chieftain ;

Followed the slaves ; gay Xanthus, in their rear,

‘Carolling bird-like to his silent nest-mate.

The sun set reddening as they reached the stream

Which would belt Gaul, did her fierce heart brook girdle ;

A grassy semicircle stretched between

The hurrying wave and the unmoving forest ;

Gray, in the midst of that lone waste-land, stood

A block of stone rude as man’s earliest altar.

Here paused the Gaul, and as the rest grouped round,

One of the guard brought to the chief, as victim,

A lamb all filleted with wilding flowers,
And the lamb meekly licked the hand that led it.
Then said the chief to Xanthus, who drew near
With a Greek's interest, curious, and yet scornful ;

Slow-speaking, that the guide-interpreter
Might make each sentence clearer to the stranger,
When, at the boundary of his land, the Gaul
Parts from the guest or settles with the debtor,

His law enjoins a sacrifice to gods,
Who make him safe thro' strength and strong thro' honor.
Thus guest or debtor goes his homeward way
By holy rites secured from deadly ambush ;

' Granting that guest or debtor forfeit not
By his own sin our father-land's protection.
For times have been when in the guest himself
The gods who guard our borders chose the victim :

' My grandsire here slew one — a smooth-tongued Greek,
False to his host — the accusing voice was woman's :
But this need scare not men revering truth.
Now while thy slaves complete thy share of barter,

Which was of all thy worldly wealth the fourth ;
Let thy fair wife — restored to gods of Hellas —
Pay her last homage to the gods of Gaul,
And hold the lamb, which is the spotless symbol

' Of hearts that pray to be as pure from guile.'
Construing these words by her dark hopes, Erippe
Bent o'er the lamb, her white arm round its neck ;
Whispered the Gaul, ' Shall I not spare thy husband ?

' Does thy heart fail ? It is not yet too late.'
Hissed her voice, ' Nay, let him who parts us perish !
Could thy heart fail thee, mine, at least, is firm :
This weak hand strong enough to strike a sleeper ;

‘ This slight foot swift enough to fly the dead ;
Spare him to-day — dismiss me ; with the morrow
I should regain thy side, and whisper “ Freed ! ”
Wouldst thou have courage to refuse me shelter ? ’

To the still heaven the Gaul upraised his sword,
And crying ‘ Gods, this offering to man’s hearthstone,’
He smote : the lamb ran bleating from the stone ;
To Acheron sighless passed a guiltier victim.

Flinging to Xanthus, rooted horror-spelled,
The fatal lines that wooed, and brought home, murder,
The Doomsman said, ‘ When thy guide construes these,
Thank him who saved his guest from deadly ambush.

‘ Take all thy gold, I have paid my people ; how,
Their bards will teach them at inviolate hearthstones.
Thou hast no cause to grieve ; but I — but I,
O Greek, I loved her : I have slain Temptation.’

And, as when, passing from the wrecks it doomed,
Desolate sets, in deeps of cloud, Orion,
The grand destroyer went his way forlorn
Thro’ glimmering darkness down barbarian forests.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
 For which no rhyme our language yields,
 Rue Neuve des petits Champs its name is —
 The New Street of the Little Fields;
 And there 's an inn, not rich and splendid,
 But still in comfortable case,
 The which in youth I oft attended,
 To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —
 A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
 Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
 That Greenwich never could outdo :
 Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
 Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace :
 All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
 In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 't is;
 And true philosophers, methinks,
 Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
 Should love good victuals and good drinks.
 And Cordelier or Benedictine
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
 Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
 Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
 Yes, here the lamp is, as before ;

The smiling red-cheeked *écailière* is
 Still opening oysters at the door.
 Is Terré still alive and able?
 I recollect his droll grimace :
 He 'd come and smile before your table,
 And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter — nothing 's changed or older.
 'How 's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?'
 The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder —
 'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'
 'It is the lot of saint and sinner,
 So honest Terré 's run his race.'
 'What will Monsieur require for dinner?'
 'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'
 'Oh, oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer ;
 'Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?'
 'Tell me a good one.' — 'That I can, Sir :
 The Chambertin with yellow seal.'
 'So Terré 's gone,' I say, and sink in
 My old accustomed corner-place ;
 'He 's done with feasting and with drinking,
 With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

My old accustomed corner here is,
 The table still is in the nook ;
 Ah ! vanished many a busy year is
 This well-known chair since last I took.
 When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
 I 'd scarce a beard upon my face,
 And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,
 I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
 Of early days here met to dine?
 Come, waiter ! quick, a flagon crusty —
 I 'll pledge them in the good old wine.

The kind old voices and old faces
 My memory can quick retrace ;
 Around the board they take their places,
 And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There 's Jack has made a wondrous marriage ;
 There 's laughing Tom is laughing yet ;
 There 's brave Augustus drives his carriage ;
 There 's poor old Fred in the *Gazette* ;
 On James's head the grass is growing :
 Good Lord ! the world has wagged apace
 Since here we set the claret flowing,
 And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me ! how quick the days are flitting !
 I mind me of a time that 's gone,
 When here I 'd sit, as now I 'm sitting,
 In this same place — but not alone.
 A fair young form was nestled near me,
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
 — There 's no one now to share my cup.

.
 I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes :
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
 In memory of dear old times.
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is ;
 And sit you down and say your grace
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
 — Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse !

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

FROM 'PENDENNIS.'

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover :
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming :
They 've hushed the minster bell :
The organ 'gins to swell :
She 's coming, she 's coming !

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast :
She comes — she 's here — she 's past —
May heaven go with her !

Kneel, undisturbed, fair saint !
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly ;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

THE ROSE UPON MY BALCONY.

FROM 'VANITY FAIR.'

THE rose upon my balcony the morning air perfuming,
Was leafless all the winter time and pining for the spring;
You ask me why her breath is sweet, and why her cheek is
 blooming,
It is because the sun is out and birds begin to sing.

The nightingale, whose melody is through the greenwood
 ringing,
Was silent when the boughs were bare and winds were
 blowing keen:
And if, Mamma, you ask of me the reason of his singing,
It is because the sun is out and all the leaves are green.

Thus each performs his part, Mamma: the birds have
 found their voices,
The blowing rose a flush, Mamma, her bonny cheek to
 dye;
And there's sunshine in my heart, Mamma, which wakens
 and rejoices,
And so I sing and blush, Mamma, and that's the reason
 why.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

FROM 'DR. BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.'

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,

He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that 's any thing but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let 's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That fate ere long shall bid you play ;
Good-night ! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway !

Good-night ! — I 'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I 'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men ;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I 'd say we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys ;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I 'd say how fate may change and shift ;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessèd be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give, or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter's snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);

The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days :
The shepherds heard it overhead —
The joyful angels raised it then :
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth ;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still —
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

FROM 'REBECCA AND ROWENA.'

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the Barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way the boys begin, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer ;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear —
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
 All good fellows whose beards are gray,
 Did not the fairest of the fair
 Common grow and wearisome ere
 Ever a month was passed away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
 The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
 May pray and whisper, and we not list,
 Or look away, and never be missed,
 Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
 How I loved her twenty years syne !
 Marian's married, but I sit here
 Alone and merry at Forty Year,
 Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here ;
 Winds whistle shrill,
 Icy and chill,
 Little care we :
 Little we fear
 Weather without,
 Sheltered about
 The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
 Birds of rare plume
 Sang, in its bloom ;
 Night birds are we :
 Here we carouse,
 Singing like them,
 Perched round the stem
 Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit ;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short —
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this ;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust !
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate :
Let the dog wait ;
Happy we 'll be !
Drink, every one ;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree !

Drain we the cup. —
Friend, art afraid ?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up ;
Empty it yet ;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone !
Life and its ills,

Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.²³*THE BAD SQUIRE.*

FROM 'YEAST.'

THE merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,
Till under their bite and their tread
The swedes and the wheat and the barley
Lay cankered and trampled and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing
On the side of the white chalk bank,
Where under the gloomy fir-woods,
One spot in the ley throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran ;
For its black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,
And the hares, and her husband's blood,
And the voice of her indignation
Rose up to the throne of God.

'I am long past wailing and whining —
I have wept too much in my life :
I've had twenty years of pining
As an English laborer's wife.

‘ A laborer in Christian England,
Where they cant of a Saviour’s name,
And yet waste men’s lives like the vermin’s
For a few more brace of game.

‘ There ’s blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,
There ’s blood on your pointer’s feet ;
There ’s blood on the game you sell, squire,
And there ’s blood on the game you eat.

‘ You have sold the laboring-man, squire,
Body and soul to shame,
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,
And to pay for the feed of your game.

‘ You made him a poacher yourself, squire,
When you ’d give neither work nor meat,
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
At our starving children’s feet ;

‘ When, packed in one reeking chamber,
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay ;
While the rain pattered in on the rotten bride-bed,
And the walls let in the day.

‘ When we lay in the burning fever,
On the mud of the cold clay floor,
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,
At the dreary workhouse door.

‘ We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders ?
What self-respect could we keep,
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep ?

‘ Our daughters, with base-born babies
Have wandered away in their shame,
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,
Your misses might do the same.

‘ Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking
With handfuls of coals and rice,
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price ?

‘ You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,
And take to allotments and schools,
But you ’ve run up a debt that will never
Be paid us by penny-club rules.

‘ In the season of shame and sadness,
In the dark and dreary day,
When scrofula, gout, and madness
Are eating your race away ;

‘ When to kennels and liveried varlets
You have cast your daughter’s bread,
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,
Your heir at your feet lies dead ;

‘ When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,
You will find in your God the protector
Of the freeman you fancied your slave.’

She looked at the tuft of clover,
And wept till her heart grew light ;
And at last, when her passion was over,
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping
Over the uplands still,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
On the side of the white chalk hill.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

FROM 'ALTON LOCKE.'

'O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee ;'
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
And never home came she.

Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Above the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea :
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town ;

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town :
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep ;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE LAST BUCCANEER.

O ENGLAND is a pleasant place for them that 's rich and
high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish Main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and
stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round
about ;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of
plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel torture from Indian folk of old ;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as
stone,
Who flog men and keelhaul them, and starve them to the
bone.

O the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone like
gold
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold ;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

O sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched
the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be ;
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down
were we.

All day we fought like bull-dogs, but they burst the booms
at night ;

And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till, for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she
died ;

But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.

And now I 'm old and going — I 'm sure I can 't tell where ;
One comfort is, this world 's so hard, I can 't be worse off
there :

If I might but be a sea-dove, I 'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

AIRLY BEACON.

AIRLY Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
O the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
While my love climbed up to me !

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
O the happy hours we lay
Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,
Courting through the summer's day !

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
O the weary haunt for me,
All alone on Airly Beacon
With his baby on my knee !

A FAREWELL.

TO C. E. G.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I 'll leave you,
For every day.

I 'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down ;
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever ;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever,
One grand sweet song.

MARIAN EVANS CROSS.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

I CANNOT choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.
He was the elder and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread;
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.
I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.
If he said 'Hush!' I tried to hold my breath
Wherever he said 'Come!' I stepped in faith.

Long years have left their writing on my brow,
But yet the freshness and the dew-fed beam
Of those young mornings are about me now,
When we two wandered toward the far-off stream
With rod and line. Our basket held a store
Baked for us only, and I thought with joy
That I should have my share, though he had more,
Because he was the elder and a boy.
The firmaments of daisies since to me
Have had those mornings in their opening eyes,
The bunchèd cowslip's pale transparency
Carries that sunshine of sweet memories,
And wild-rose branches take their finest scent
From those blest hours of infantine content.

Our mother bade us keep the trodden ways,
 Stroked down my tippet, set my brother's frill,
 Then with the benediction of her gaze
 Clung to us lessening, and pursued us still
 Across the homestead to the rookery elms,
 Whose tall old trunks had each a grassy mound,
 So rich for us, we counted them as realms
 With varied products: here were earth-nuts found,
 And here the Lady-fingers in deep shade;
 Here sloping towards the Moat the rushes grew,
 The large to split for pith, the small to braid;
 While over all the dark rooks cawing flew,
 And made a happy strange solemnity,
 A deep-toned chant from life unknown to me.

Our meadow-path had memorable spots:
 One where it bridged a tiny rivulet,
 Deep hid by tangled blue Forget-me-nots;
 And all along the waving grasses met
 My little palm, or nodded to my cheek,
 When flowers with upturned faces gazing drew
 My wonder downward, seeming all to speak
 With eyes of souls that dumbly heard and knew.
 Then came the copse, where wild things rushed unseen,
 And black-scathed grass betrayed the past abode
 Of mystic gypsies, who still lurked between
 Me and each hidden distance of the road.
 A gypsy once had startled me at play,
 Blotting with her dark smile my sunny day.

Thus rambling we were schooled in deepest lore,
 And learned the meanings that give words a soul,
 The fear, the love, the primal passionate store,
 Whose shaping impulses make manhood whole.
 Those hours were seed to all my after good;
 My infant gladness, through eye, ear, and touch,

Took easily as warmth a various food
To nourish the sweet skill of loving much.
For who in age shall roam the earth and find
Reasons for loving that will strike out love
With sudden rod from the hard year-pressed mind?
Were reasons sown as thick as stars above,
'T is love must see them, as the eye sees light:
Day is but Number to the darkened sight.

Our brown canal was endless to my thought;
And on its banks I sat in dreamy peace,
Unknowing how the good I loved was wrought,
Untroubled by the fear that it would cease.
Slowly the barges floated into view
Rounding a grassy hill to me sublime
With some Unknown beyond it, whither flew
The parting cuckoo toward a fresh spring time.
The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers,
The wondrous watery rings that died too soon,
The echoes of the quarry, the still hours
With white robe sweeping-on the shadeless noon,
Were but my growing self, are part of me,
My present Past, my root of piety.

Those long days measured by my little feet
Had chronicles which yield me many a text;
When irony still finds an image meet
Of full-grown judgments in this world perplexed.
One day my brother left me in high charge,
To mind the rod, while he went seeking bait,
And bade me, when I saw a nearing barge,
Snatch out the line, lest he should come too late.
Proud of the task, I watched with all my might
For one whole minute, till my eyes grew wide,
Till sky and earth took on a strange new light
And seemed a dream-world floating on some tide —

A fair pavilioned boat for me alone
Bearing me onward through the vast unknown.

But sudden came the barge's pitch-black prow,
Nearer and angrier came my brother's cry,
And all my soul was quivering fear, when lo!
Upon the imperilled line, suspended high,
A silver perch! My guilt that won the prey,
Now turned to merit, had a guerdon rich
Of hugs and praises, and made merry play,
Until my triumph reached its highest pitch
When all at home were told the wondrous feat,
And how the little sister had fished well.
In secret, though my fortune tasted sweet,
I wondered why this happiness befell.

'The little lass had luck,' the gardener said:
And so I learned, luck was with glory wed.

We had the self-same world enlarged for each
By loving difference of girl and boy:
The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach
He plucked for me, and oft he must employ
A measuring glance to guide my tiny shoe
Where lay firm stepping-stones, or call to mind
'This thing I like my sister may not do,
For she is little, and I must be kind.'
Thus boyish Will the nobler mastery learned
Where inward vision over impulse reigns,
Widening its life with separate life discerned,
A Like unlike, a Self that self restrains.

His years with others must the sweeter be
For those brief days he spent in loving me.

His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame;
My doll seemed lifeless and no girlish toy

Had any reason when my brother came.
 I knelt with him at marbles, marked his fling
 Cut the ringed stem and make the apple drop,
 Or watched him winding close the spiral string
 That looped the orbits of the humming top.
 Grasped by such fellowship my vagrant thought
 Ceased with dream-fruit dream-wishes to fulfil;
 My æry-picturing fantasy was taught
 Subjection to the harder, truer skill
 That seeks with deeds to grave a thought-tracked line,
 And by 'What is,' 'What will be' to define.

School parted us; we never found again
 That childish world where our two spirits mingled
 Like scents from varying roses that remain
 One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.
 Yet the twin habit of that early time
 Lingered for long about the heart and tongue:
 We had been natives of one happy clime,
 And its dear accent to our utterance clung,
 Till the dire years whose awful name is Change
 Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce,
 And pitiless shaped them in two forms that range
 Two elements which sever their life's course.
 But were another childhood-world my share,
 I would be born a little sister there.

'OH MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.'

*Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc
 exiguum — CICERO, ad Att., xii. 18.*

OH may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence: live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,

In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :

To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing as beauteous order that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.
 So we inherit that sweet purity
 For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
 With widening retrospect that bred despair.
 Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
 A vicious parent shaming still its child
 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;
 Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
 Die in the large and charitable air.
 And all our rarer, better, truer self,
 That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
 That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
 Laboriously tracing what must be,
 And what may yet be better — saw within
 A worthier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the multitude
 Divinely human, raising worship so
 To higher reverence more mixed with love —
 That better self shall live till human Time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
 Unread forever

This is life to come,

Which martyred men have made more glorious
 For us who strive to follow. May I reach
 That purest heaven, be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,

Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

TOO LATE.

‘Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and treu.’

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I’d smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

*A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.*²⁴

‘PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow.’
 Praise Him who sendeth joy and woe.
 The Lord who takes, — the Lord who gives, —
 O praise Him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and He shuts his hand,
 But why, we cannot understand :
 Pours and dries up His mercies’ flood,
 And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
 The mystery of God and man ;
 We women, when afflictions come,
 We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
 He gleams out, sun-like, through our sky,
 We look up, and through black clouds riven,
 We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
 We have no deep philosophies :
 Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
 For he who loveth knoweth God.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

‘Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past.’

RUSSIAN PROVERB.

‘Two hands upon the breast,
 And labor’s done ;
 Two pale feet crossed in rest —
 The race is won ;
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
 And all tears cease ;

Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace ;' —
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot :
God in his kindness answereth not.

' Two hands to work address
Aye for his praise ;
Two feet that never rest
Walking his ways ;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears ;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears ;'
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees ;
Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these !

BURIED TO-DAY.

February 23, 1858.

BURIED to-day ;
When the soft green buds are bursting out,
And up on the south wind comes a shout
Of village boys and girls at play
In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away ;
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their light from him,
And put low, low, underneath the clay,
In his spring — on this spring day.

Passes away
All the pride of boy-life begun,
All the hope of life yet to run ;
Who dares to question when One saith ' Nay ' ?
Murmur not — only pray.

Enters to-day
 Another body in church-yard sod,
 Another soul on the life in God.
 His Christ was buried — and lives alway :
 Trust Him, and go your way.

PHILIP MY KING.

‘Who bears upon his baby brow the round
 And top of sovereignty.’

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
 Philip my king,
 Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
 Of babyhood’s royal dignities :
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With love’s invisible sceptre laden ;
 I am thine Esther to command
 Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
 Philip my king.

O the day when thou goest a wooing,
 Philip my king !
 When those beautiful lips ’gin suing,
 And some gentle heart’s bars undoing
 Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
 Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,
 Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
 For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,
 Philip my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth — up to thy brow,
 Philip my king !
 The spirit that there lies sleeping now
 May rise like a giant, and make men bow
 As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers :

My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years ; —
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip my king,

— A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip my king,
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel and cold and gray :
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious
Martyr, yet monarch : till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
' Philip, the king !'

GEORGE MACDONALD.

BALLAD OF THE THULIAN NURSE.

FROM 'ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.'

'SWEEP up the flure, Janet.

Put on anither peat.

It's a lown and starry nicht, Janet,

And neither could nor weet.

'And it's open hoose we keep the nicht

For ony that may be oot.

It's the nicht atween the Sancts and Souls,

Whan the bodiless gang about.

'Set the chairs back to the wa', Janet ;

Mak' ready for quaiet fowk.

Hae a' thing as clean as a win'in'-sheet :

They come na ilka ook.

'There's a spale upo' the flure, Janet ;

And there's a rowan-berry:

Sweep them into the fire, Janet. —

They'll be welcomer than merry.

'Syne set open the door, Janet —

Wide open for wha kens wha ;

As ye come benn to yer bed, Janet,

Set it open to the wa'.'

She set the chairs back to the wa',

But ane made o' the birk ;

She sweepit the flure, — left that ae spale,

A lang spale o' the aik.

The nicht was lowne, and the stars sat still,
Aglintin' doon the sky ;
And the souls crap oot o' their mooly graves,
A' dank wi' lyin' by.

She had set the door wide to the wa',
And blawn the peats rosy reed ;
They war shoonless feet gaed oot and in,
Nor clampit as they gaed.

Whan midnight cam', the mither rase —
She wad gae see and hear.
Back she cam' wi' a glowerin' face,
And sloomin' wi' verra fear.

'There's ane o' them sittin' afore the fire !
Janet, gang na to see :
Ye left a chair afore the fire,
Whaur I tauld ye nae chair sud be.'

Janet she smiled in her mother's face :
She had brunt the noddin reid ;
And she left aneath the birken chair
The spale frae a coffin-lid.

She rase and she gaed butt the hoose,
Aye steekin' door and door.
Three hours gaed by or her mother heard
Her fit upo' the floor.

But whan the grey cock crew, she heard
The sound o' shoonless feet ;
When the red cock crew, she heard the door,
And a sough o' wind and weet.

And Janet cam' back wi' a wan face,
But never a word said she ;
No man ever heard her voice lood oot,
It cam' like frae ower the sea.

And no man ever heard her lauch,
Nor yet say alas or wae ;
But a smile aye glimmert on her wan face,
Like the moonlicht on the sea.

And ilka nicht 'tween the Saints and the Souls,
Wide open she set the door ;
And she mendit the fire, and she left ae chair,
And that spale upo' the floor.

And at midnicht she gaed butt the hoose,
Aye steekin' door and door ;
Whan the reid cock crew, she cam' benn the hoose,
Aye wanner than afore —

Wanner her face, and sweeter her smile ;
Till the seventh All Souls' eve.
Her mother she heard the shoonless feet,
Said ' She 's comin', I believe.'

But she camna benn, and her mother lay ;
For fear she cudna stan'.
But up she rase and benn she gaed,
Whan the gowden cock had crawn.

And Janet sat upo' the chair,
White as the day did daw ;
Her smile was the sunlicht left on the sea,
Whan the sun has gone awa'.

THE SMOKE.

FROM ' PAUL FABER, SURGEON.'

LORD, I have laid my heart upon thy altar,
But cannot get the wood to burn ;
It hardly flares ere it begins to falter,
And to the dark return.

Old sap, or night-fallen dew, has damped the fuel;
In vain my breath would flame provoke;
Yet see — at every poor attempt's renewal
To thee ascends the smoke.

'T is all I have — smoke, failure, foiled endeavor,
Coldness, and doubt, and palsied lack:
Such as I have I send thee; — perfect giver,
Send thou thy lightning back.

SONG.

FROM 'WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.'

I DREAMED that I woke from a dream,
And the house was full of light;
At the window two angel Sorrows
Held back the curtains of night.

The door was wide, and the house
Was full of the morning wind;
At the door two armed warders
Stood silent, with faces blind.

I ran to the open door,
For the wind of the world was sweet;
The warders with crossing weapons
Turned back my issuing feet.

I ran to the shining windows —
There the wingèd Sorrows stood;
Silent they held the curtains,
And the light fell through in a flood.

I clomb to the highest window —
Ah! there, with shadowed brow,
Stood one lonely radiant Sorrow,
And that, my love, was thou.

I bowed my head before her,
And stood trembling in the light;
She dropped the heavy curtain,
And the house was full of night.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR 1862.

THE YEAR OF THE TROUBLE IN LANCASHIRE.

THE skies are pale, the trees are stiff,
The earth is dull and old;
The frost is glittering as if
The very sun were cold.
And hunger fell is joined with frost,
To make me thin and wan:
Come, babe, from heaven, or we are lost;
Be born, O child of man.

The children cry, the women shake,
The strong men stare about;
They sleep when they should be awake,
They wake ere night is out.
For they have lost their heritage —
No sweat is on their brow:
Come, babe, and bring them work and wage;
Be born, and save us now.

Across the sea, beyond our sight,
Roars on the fierce debate;
The men go down in bloody fight,
The women weep and hate.
And in the right be which that may,
Surely the strife is long:
Come, Son of Man, thy righteous way
And right will have no wrong.

Good men speak lies against thine own,—
Tongue quick, and hearing slow;
They will not let thee walk alone,
And think to serve thee so:
If they the children's freedom saw
In thee, the children's king,
They would be still with holy awe,
Or only speak to sing.

Some neither lie, nor starve, nor fight,
Nor yet the poor deny;
But in their hearts all is not right,—
They often sit and sigh.
We need thee every day and hour,
In sunshine and in snow:
Child king, we pray with all our power—
Be born, and save us so.

We are but men and women, Lord;
Thou art a gracious child;
O fill our hearts, and heap our board,
Of grace, this winter wild.
And though the trees be sad and bare,
Hunger and hate about,
Come, child, and ill deeds and ill fare
Will soon be driven out.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

A BALLAD OF PAST MERIDIAN.

LAST night returning from my twilight walk
I met the gray mist Death, whose eyeless brow
Was bent on me, and from his hand of chalk
He reached me flowers as from a withered bough :
O Death, what bitter nosegays givest thou !
Death said, I gather, and pursued his way.
Another stood by me, a shape in stone,
Sword-hacked and iron-stained, with breasts of clay,
And metal veins that sometimes fiery shone :
O Life, how naked and how hard when known !

Life said, As thou hast carved me, such am I.
Then memory, like the nightjar on the pine,
And sightless hope, a woodlark in night sky,
Joined notes of Death and Life till night's decline :
Of Death, of Life, those inwound notes are mine.

MARTIN'S PUZZLE.

THERE she goes up the street with her book in her hand,
And her Good morning, Martin ! Ay, lass, how d'ye do ?
Very well, thank you, Martin ! — I can't understand !
I might just as well never have cobbled a shoe !
I can't understand it. She talks like a song ;
Her voice takes your ear like the ring of a glass ;
She seems to give gladness while limping along,
Yet sinner ne'er suffered like that little lass.

First, a fool of a boy ran her down with a cart.

Then, her fool of a father — a blacksmith by trade —
Why the deuce does he tell us it half broke his heart ?

His heart ! — where 's the leg of the poor little maid !
Well, that 's not enough ; they must push her downstairs,
To make her go crooked : but why count the list ?

If it 's right to suppose that our human affairs
Are all ordered by heaven — there, bang goes my fist !

For if angels can look on such sights — never mind !

When you 're next to blaspheming, it 's best to be mum.

The parson declares that her woes were n't designed ;

But, then, with the parson it 's all kingdom-come.

Lose a leg, save a soul — a convenient text ;

I call it Tea doctrine, not savoring of God.

When poor little Molly wants ' chastening,' why, next

The Archangel Michael might taste of the rod.

But, to see the poor darling go limping for miles

To read books to sick people ! — and just of an age

When girls learn the meaning of ribands and smiles !

Makes me feel like a squirrel that turns in a cage.

The more I push thinking the more I revolve :

I never get farther : — and as to her face,

It starts up when near on my puzzle I solve,

And says, ' This crushed body seems such a sad case.'

Not that she 's for complaining : she reads to earn pence ;

And from those who can't pay, simple thanks are enough.

Does she leave lamentation for chaps without sense ?

Howsoever, she 's made up of wonderful stuff.

Ay, the soul in her body must be a stout cord ;

She sings little hymns at the close of the day,

Though she has but three fingers to lift to the Lord,

And only one leg to kneel down with to pray.

What I ask is, Why persecute such a poor dear,
 If there 's Law above all? Answer that if you can!
 Irreligious I'm not; but I look on this sphere
 As a place where a man should just think like a man.
 It is n't fair dealing! But, contrariwise,
 Do bullets in battle the wicked select?
 Why, then it's all chance-work! And yet, in her eyes,
 She holds a fixed something by which I am checked.

Yonder riband of sunshine aslope on the wall,
 If you eye it a minute 'll have the same look:
 So kind! and so merciful! God of us all!
 It's the very same lesson we get from the Book.
 Then, is Life but a trial? Is that what is meant?
 Some must toil, and some perish, for others below:
 The injustice to each spreads a common content;
 Ay! I 've lost it again, for it can't be quite so.

She's the victim of fools: that seems nearer the mark.
 On earth there are engines and numerous fools.
 Why the Lord can permit them, we're still in the dark:
 He does, and in some sort of way they're His tools.
 It's a roundabout way, with respect let me add,
 If Molly goes crippled that we may be taught:
 But, perhaps, it's the only way, though it's so bad;
 In that case we'll bow down our heads, — as we ought.

But the worst of *me* is, that when I bow my head,
 I perceive a thought wriggling away in the dust,
 And I follow its tracks, quite forgetful, instead
 Of humble acceptance: for, question I must!
 Here's a creature made carefully — carefully made!
 Put together with craft, and then stamped on, and why?
 The answer seems nowhere: it's discord that's played.
 The sky's a blue dish! — an implacable sky!

Stop a moment. I seize an idea from the pit.

They tell us that discord, though discord, alone,
Can be harmony when the notes properly fit :

Am I judging all things from a single false tone ?

Is the Universe one immense Organ, that rolls

From devils to angels ? I 'm blind with the sight.

It pours such a splendor on heaps of poor souls !

I might try at kneeling with Molly to-night.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

A ROMAN TOMB.

ONE starlight night, upon the Appian Way
I stood, amongst the tombs of ancient Rome,
The nameless monuments of men who lay
Gathered to their last home.

Mighty in life, haply they here had raised
Stones that should tell, when they were underground,
Of the great names that flatterers had praised,
And Poets' lays had crowned.

Ambition, Pride, all sensual delights
That bind the soul in leaden chains to earth,
Once filled the measure of their days and nights —
What lives to show their worth?

How much to rouse our sympathy and love,
In what is left of those world-famous men,
The conquerors in the field, or they who strove
To conquer with the pen?

What but the stinging verse of satires bought
And sold, to flay a friend with fatal ease?
The cirque, where men were slain by beasts for sport :
What monuments but these?

What, in the name of all their gods of stone,
But polished plinths of temples raised to lust,
Triumphal arch or portico o'erthrown?
Dust back again to dust!

In every form, self-worship and self-love;
Passions in marble deified with grace;
The cultured arts, like fruitage, carved above
A quickly-crumbled base.

The spirit fled — the informing fire is cold.
And herein lies the difference between
The ruin of the things that we behold,
And of the things unseen.

While the rude stones up-built by peasant hands
Mark where the shattered cross once held control,
The spirit there, Time's cruel scythe withstands, —
Soul answers still to soul.

But not so here. I said : when through the gloom
(Cold horror seized and held me there, I wist),
Methought the headless Roman on his tomb,
Moved in the moonlight mist.

The arm was slowly raised wherewith he held
His toga's fold ; and in the very place
Where the stone head erst stood, I now beheld
A pale, stern Roman face.

Then from those lips, as when a night-wind grows
Among the reeds on Thrasimene's cold lake,
In Latin tongue, a hollow voice arose,
And murmuring hoarsely spake,

'Mortal, now twice ten hundred years are past,
Com'st thou to vex the ashes in my urn,
With all thy vain and shallow wisdom, cast
On the great names that burn

'In the world's temple, like fed-lamps of old?
Let none, presumptuous, dare to quench the light,
Because the growing centuries behold
The dawn succeed to night.

‘The dawn ; not yet the day ! The vapors curled
But slowly rise ; and ignorance’s cloud
Which the All-wise hath laid upon His world,
Doth half mankind enshroud.

‘And He whom blindly we adored as Jove,
O thou vain Mortal, was it not His will
That knowledge feebly scales the stair above,
Higher and higher still ?

‘We found the world barbarian : is it nought,
That where we trod, arts sprang beneath our feet ?
The tales of virtue and of valor wrought,
Your children still repeat.

‘Who framed just laws, to govern Kings and crafts ?
Who made the streams from hill to hill to flow ?
Through Europe’s heart who drove the roads, like shafts
Shot from a mighty bow ?

‘The fierceness, wolf-imbibed, of all our race,
Made half the world the Roman Eagle’s home.
From Greeks, we borrowed poetry and grace,
Our arms belonged to Rome !

‘And if the antique virtue ceased to shine,
In days when I had long been out of sight,
Did Rome but share the natural decline
Of all things at their height ?

‘For peace is kin to luxury : they sank
By slow degrees, those latter men, supine,
Rose-garlanded, inglorious, as they drank
The red Falernian wine.

‘Cool from their grottos by the tideless sea,
Where mantled round with pine and olive wood,
With gardens, baths, and fishponds fair to see,
Their stately villas stood.

‘Feasting on Lucrine oysters, or the fruit
Of many a distant sea, while boys in praise
Of love, their voices mingled with the lute,
In soft emasculate lays.

‘Not such our lives ! We fed, in days of old,
With less refinement, and had rougher games ;
Our sterner measures, Saturnine and bold,
Had nobler, worthier aims.

‘We sang the God-like hero in his urn ;
We crowned the living Victory with bays ;
We worshipped Mars ; and Justice, blind and stern,
Sat in our open ways.

‘To prove the public virtues in this life,
Stands not the Ædile’s tomb unto this hour ?
And, as a monument to wedded wife,
Behold Metella’s tower !

‘The Vineyard, where the Scipios’ ashes lie,
And linked with them, that motherhood, whose name,
While Gracchus is remembered, shall not die,
Old Roman worth proclaim.

‘And there are memories, greater e’en than these,
Embalmed in History, their graves unknown ;
While soon or late, Time’s ruthless hand doth seize
The perishable stone.

‘The stone that mocks for some few hundred years
The honored relics, gathered ’neath that tomb,
Raised by a loving hand, with pious tears,
Over — ye know not whom !

‘Such lot is mine. A lucky flight of birds
Presaged my birth : my life was crowned with fame,
Men in the forum ever met my words
With reverent acclaim.

‘They made me Praetor : placed on high my bust ;
And when forever I had passed away,
The city trailed their garments in the dust,
 With covered heads that day.

‘They bare my ashes here ; the Senate raised
This sculptured marble, which hath long survived
The recollection of the man it praised,
 — A memory so short-lived !

‘Why doth it cumber still the ground ?’ And here
The hollow voice grew tremulous with scorn.
‘To point a moral, obvious and clear,
 To ages yet unborn ?

*‘That builded tombs, and all the strong desire
To be remembered after death is vain.*
The centres of small systems that expire
 With us, our souls sustain

‘The conscious loss of all that pride believed
Should keep us living through the future years :
We learn, O Mortal, how we were deceived,
 When the hot bitter tears

‘Shed by those few whose lives were bound with ours,
Or wife’s or freedman’s — (since we only know
In death what depth of root have Love’s fair flowers) —
 When these have ceased to flow,

‘Oblivion quickly gathers round our lives :
The spade may strike some urn that tells of Fame,
But of the struggle of that life survives
 Nought save an empty name !

‘Our Race is passed away. At dead of night
The Master called us ; and we did His will.
Ye, who through widening avenues of light
 Are gathering knowledge still,

‘Who, to the Past’s accumulated wealth,
Add, day by day, fresh stores that inward roll,
The large experience that bringeth health
And wisdom to the soul,

‘Learn yet one thing. He who is wise above,
Leadeth in every age His children home;
And He, beholding, something found to love,
Even in Pagan Rome.’

THE SONG'S MESSAGE.

FLY to her heart, my little song,
And say that unto her belong
Thy trills and graces;
That, as I sing, before my eyes
I see the dearest face arise
Of all dear faces!

Say that by night thou camest to me,
Like some poor bird, from o’er the sea
That feebly flutters;
Till, soaring with morn’s strength to sing,
The tender hopes of budding Spring
Once more it utters.

O Song, like streamlet on its way,
That hath no respite, night or day,
Do not fatigue her!
But may thy melody at times
Floating, with its persistent rhymes,
Her heart beleaguer!

So, little song, without applause,
In secret plead with her my cause,
 Till her heart, ringing
With thy low music, hath confessed
That, of all songs, she loves the best,
 That of Love's singing!

THE DANUBE RIVER.

Do you recall that night in June,
 Upon the Danube River?
We listened to a Ländler tune,
 We watched the moonbeams quiver.
I oft since then have watched the moon,
 But never, Love, oh! never,
Can I forget that night in June,
 Adown the Danube River!

Our boat kept measure with its oar,
 The music rose in snatches,
From peasants dancing on the shore
 With boist'rous songs and catches.
I know not why that Ländler rang
 Through all my soul — but never
Can I forget the songs they sang
 Adown the Danube River.

ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

*A NAKED house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot :
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendor ; here
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbor hollows dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime ;

Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
 And make the cart-ruts beautiful ;
 And when snow-bright the moor expands,
 How shall your children clap their hands !
 To make this earth, our hermitage,
 A cheerful and a changeful page,
 God's bright and intricate device
 Of days and seasons doth suffice.

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON.

IF I have faltered more or less
 In 'my great task of happiness ;
 If I have moved among my race
 And shown no glorious morning face ;
 If beams from happy human eyes
 Have moved me not ; if morning skies,
 Books, and my food, and summer rain
 Knocked on my sullen heart in vain : —
 Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
 And stab my spirit broad awake ;
 Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
 Choose thou, before that spirit die,
 A piercing pain, a killing sin,
 And to my dead heart run them in !

*'NOT YET, MY SOUL, THESE FRIENDLY FIELDS
 DESERT.'*

NOT yet, my soul, these friendly fields desert,
 Where thou with grass, and rivers, and the breeze,
 And the bright face of day, thy dalliance hadst ;
 Where to thine ear first sang the enraptured birds ;
 Where love and thou that lasting bargain made.
 The ship rides trimmed, and from the eternal shore

Thou hearest airy voices ; but not yet
Depart, my soul, not yet awhile depart.

Freedom is far, rest far. Thou art with life
Too closely woven, nerve with nerve intertwined ;
Service still craving service, love for love,
Love for dear love, still suppliant with tears.

Alas, not yet thy human task is done !
A bond at birth is forged ; a debt doth lie
Immortal on mortality. It grows —
By vast rebound it grows, unceasing growth ;
Gift upon gift, alms upon alms, upreared,
From man, from God, from nature, till the soul
At that so huge indulgence stands amazed.

Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor leave
Thy debts dishonored, nor thy place desert
Without due service rendered. For thy life,
Up, spirit, and defend that fort of clay,
Thy body, now beleaguered ; whether soon
Or late she fall ; whether to-day thy friends
Bewail thee dead, or, after years, a man
Grown old in honor and the friend of peace.
Contend, my soul, for moments and for hours ;
Each is with service pregnant ; each reclaimed
Is as a kingdom conquered, where to reign.
As when a captain rallies to the fight
His scattered legions, and beats ruin back,
He, on the field, encamps, well pleased in mind.
Yet surely him shall fortune overtake,
Him smite in turn, headlong his ensigns drive ;
And that dear land, now safe, to-morrow fall.
But he, unthinking, in the present good
Solely delights, and all the camps rejoice.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 5. — *Guinevere* contains about seven hundred lines, and relates the story of Guinevere's flight from Camelot with Sir Lancelot, and her refuge, at Almesbury where Arthur chances to meet her on his way to wage war with the Lords of the White Horse.

NOTE 2, PAGE 11. — *The Holy Grail* contains some nine hundred lines, and describes the adventures of certain knights of the Round Table in their search for the Holy Grail, or cup from which the Lord drank at the Last Supper, and which had appeared to them in a vision, when Galahad at a banquet in the hall at Camelot seated himself in the mystical chair fashioned by the wizard Merlin. On their return from their quest each knight relates in turn to Arthur, who had not joined them in the search, the story of his adventures. The story is in the form of a narrative told to the monk Ambrosius by Sir Percivale, who is represented as having entered a monastery shortly after the termination of his quest.

NOTE 3, PAGE 14. — *The Princess* contains some four thousand lines, and consists of the story and a brief prologue and conclusion. The prologue describes a garden party given by Sir Walter Vivian to his constituents, at which a discussion arises between certain ladies and gentlemen of the party on the subject of 'woman's rights' — Then follows the story, told in the form of a monologue, and which is in brief as follows: The Princess Ida has refused to marry a prince, the son of a neighboring king, to whom she had been betrothed in infancy, and has founded a college from which men are excluded under penalty of death. The Prince and some of his companions obtain an entrance into this college disguised as women, and afterwards upon the accidental discovery of their sex the penalty of death is about to be inflicted upon them, which is however averted by the interference, in part, of the king, the father of the Prince. A tournament is then arranged between the brothers and friends of the Princess Ida and the Prince and his followers. In this tourna-

ment the Prince is wounded, and is nursed by the Princess, and the story ends with the complete reconciliation of the two. The conclusion consists of a return to the discussion which had occurred in the prologue, and a description of the breaking up of the party at nightfall.

NOTE 4, PAGE 20. — *In Memoriam* contains seven hundred and twenty-five stanzas divided into one hundred and thirty-two brief cantos, and is a tribute to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian, who was a classmate with Tennyson at Trinity College, Cambridge, and who died at Vienna in 1833.

NOTE 5, PAGE 25. — *Maud* consists of three parts divided into twenty-eight short cantos of irregular length, and contains some two thousand lines. The poem is in the form of a monologue, and its professed theme is the Russian War and a protest against the foreign policy of the *Peace Party*. A slender narrative runs through the poem which may be outlined as follows: The father of a young Englishman has died under mysterious circumstances suggestive of suicide, as an unfortunate speculation has left him penniless. The son of the dead man and Maud, the daughter of his neighbor, have when children been informally plighted to each other. An estrangement has for a long time existed between the two families, due to the suspicion that Maud's father had been the cause of his neighbor's ruin. The action of the poem commences with Maud's return home, from which she had been absent since childhood. Her engagement to the speaker of the monologue then follows, which is however violently opposed by Maud's brother, who desires to marry his sister to a young English lord. The discovery of a tryst between Maud and her lover by the brother leads to a duel in which the brother is slain. The lover then flees and joins the English army in the Crimea.

NOTE 6, PAGE 28. — *Enone* is a short idyl of some two hundred and eighty lines, and founded on the legend of the award of the golden apple thrown by Eris among the guests at the marriage of Peleus and Thetis.

NOTE 7, PAGE 46. — *The Ring and the Book* is in twelve books, and contains some twenty-one thousand lines. It is monodramatic in form, and each separate book is a monologue. The story on which it is founded was suggested to Mr. Browning by a book three quarters print and one-fourth manuscript which he purchased in Florence, and which contained an account of the trial of an Italian Count for murdering his wife, in the last decade of the seventeenth century. The story, as told by Browning, is founded on fact in its main outlines, of which the following is a synopsis: Guido Franceschini, an impoverished middle-aged Count

of Arezzo, marries Pompilia, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Pietro and Violante Comparini, belonging to the middle class at Rome. Pompilia is at her father's death entitled to a certain amount of money, and the marriage is a sheer one *de convenance*. At the time of the marriage Pietro is induced to surrender the life estate to which Pompilia is to succeed, and he and his wife go to live with their son-in-law at Arezzo. They soon find life there unbearable, and return to Rome, when Violante confesses that Pompilia is not her own child but the daughter of a common wanton, whom she had adopted and tricked her husband into believing to be her own. This of course works a forfeiture of the reversionary estate to which Pompilia is entitled, and on appeal to the civil courts the release executed to Guido by Pietro is set aside and the life interest restored to him. Guido then resolves to so illtreat his wife as to cause her to be guilty of such conduct as would justify him in applying for a divorce. In furtherance of this scheme he seeks the aid of an old serving woman of his house who has been assigned to the position of maid to Pompilia. Giuseppe Caponsacchi, a courtly canon of the town, is selected as the subject of an intrigue. A series of letters pass between Caponsacchi and Pompilia, those of the latter being forgeries, those of the former written in the full knowledge that Pompilia is ignorant of the contents of the letters which purport to come from her. An assignation on the terrace in the front of Guido's house is finally arranged, and Caponsacchi goes to the tryst fully expecting to meet the husband, who he suspects had sent the letters for the sake of creating a scandal at the expense of the wife, but to his surprise finds Pompilia there, who beseeches him to aid her in escaping from her husband's house which has become intolerable to her. This he promises to do, but when the two have nearly reached Rome they are overtaken by Guido, who institutes a suit in the courts. Judgment is there made relegating Caponsacchi to three years' exile at Civita, and remanding Pompilia to the care of the Monastery of Convertites. From this sisterhood Pompilia returns home, where a child is born to her, and shortly afterwards her father and mother are murdered outright by Guido, and she herself receives wounds from which she subsequently dies. Guido and his fellow-criminals are caught, and at the trial the fact of the murder is admitted, and the sole question is whether Pompilia was guilty or innocent in her relations with Caponsacchi, and whether her conduct had furnished sufficient provocation to Guido to justify him in committing the crime. He is found guilty and Pompilia entirely exonerated, and that judgment is confirmed on appeal to Pope Innocent XII.

Book I., *The Ring and the Book*, explains the metaphor involved in the title, and relates the discovery by Mr. Browning of the volume contain-

ing the account of the trial and furnishes an outline of the story. Book II., *Half-Rome*, Book III., *The Other Half-Rome*, and Book IV., *Tertium Quid*, are three separate versions by three separate persons of the facts which led to the tragedy. In Book II. the speaker is a jealous husband who sympathizes with Guido; in Book III. a bachelor who sides with Pompilia, and in Book IV. an aristocratic well-bred personage who makes an effort to impartially consider the facts in the case. Book V., *Count Guido Franceschini*, contains the plea put forth in his own behalf by the main criminal; Book VI., *Giuseppe Caponsacchi*, contains the speech in defence of Pompilia made before the judges by the canon, who had been the correspondent in the suit brought by Guido against his wife. Book VII., *Pompilia*, is the deposition of Guido's wife taken *in articulo mortis*. Book VIII., *Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, Pauperum Procurator*, and Book IX., *Johannes Baptista Bottenius Fisci et Rev. Cam. Apostol. Advocatus*, contain respectively the plea of the counsel assigned to Guido on his trial and the counter plea of the Public Prosecutor. Book X., *The Pope*, contains the final judgment upon the facts in the case pronounced by Innocent XII., to whom it had been referred on appeal. Book XI., *Guido*, contains the speech of Guido addressed on the night before his execution to the Abate and Cardinal who have come to shrive him. Book XII., *The Book and the Ring*, gives an account contained in letters real and imaginary, of the execution of the criminals and the sermon preached by an Augustinian friar at Pompilia's funeral.

NOTE 8, PAGE 66. — *Waring* is usually identified with Alfred Domett, the poet.

NOTE 9, PAGE 77. — In the following letter addressed to the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, editor of *The Prose Works of Wordsworth*, Mr. Browning has explained to what extent Wordsworth's secession to Toryism and Ecclesiasticism furnished the subject of *The Lost Leader*.

19 WARWICK-CRESCENT, W., Feb. 24, '75.

DEAR MR. GROSART :— I have been asked the question you now address me with, and as duly answered it, I can't remember how many times : there is no sort of objection to one more assurance, or rather confession, on my part, that I *did* in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of WORDSWORTH as a sort of painter's model ; one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account. Had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet ; whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was

to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore. But just as in the tapestry on my wall I can recognize figures which have *struck out* a fancy, on occasion, that though truly enough thus derived, yet would be preposterous as a copy, so, though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I altogether refuse to have it considered as the 'very effigies' of such a moral and intellectual superiority.

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

NOTE 10, PAGE 79. — *Aurora Leigh* consists of nine books and contains some 12,000 lines. The following is a synopsis of the story, which is told in the poem in autobiographical form. Aurora, the daughter of an English gentleman by a Tuscan wife, loses both her father and mother when still a child, and returns to England to live with her aunt. Here she meets her cousin Romney Leigh, a young Englishman and enthusiastic social reformer, who unsuccessfully seeks to make Aurora his wife. Her aunt subsequently dies, and Aurora discovers that by her father's foreign marriage the right of succession to his estate descends at her aunt's death to Romney. Thrown upon her own resources, and too proud to accept the offer of princely assistance made by her cousin, Aurora goes to London with the determination to support herself by literary work. In this she is successful, and one day, three years afterwards, Lady Waldemar, a thorough-going woman of the world, calls on her with the news that Romney Leigh has carried his notions of social reform to the extent of publicly announcing his coming marriage with Marian Erle, a veritable child of the people. Aurora's visitor then tries to persuade her to use her influence to prevent this projected marriage, accompanying the request with a frank avowal of her own love for Romney. Aurora refuses to accede to Lady Waldemar's proposal, but seeks and finds Marian Erle at her home in one of the disreputable London Courts, and after a short acquaintance becomes convinced that in point of purity of character Marian is worthy to become Romney's wife. On the day appointed for the wedding, the groom's friends from St. James, and his protégés from St. Giles assemble at the church, but the bride fails to appear. A letter from Marian handed Romney at the church-door finally explains that her deep sense of unworthiness is too strong to permit her to marry him. Shortly afterwards Aurora visits Paris, and in the flower-market accidentally meets Marian, whom further investigation shows to be a mother. To Aurora Marian confides her history subsequent to her sudden disappearance at the time of the wedding. Lady Waldemar, it seems, with subtle tact and outward show of kindness, had convinced her that for her to marry Romney Leigh would work his life-long unhappiness. In charge of a woman provided

by Lady Waldemar, who also supplied the money for the journey, Marian started for the colonies. Then follows a story of outrage worse than death. The woman was a fiend, and a drugged cup and shameful house made the pure-hearted Marian experience all the torments of a living hell. In time a child was born, with whose birth the first sunlight came into her life since at Lady Waldemar's suggestion she had left London.

Aurora writes to Lord Howe, a mutual friend of her and Romney, that Marian is found, and begs him to tell her cousin, whom she erroneously imagines to be engaged to Lady Waldemar. This news brings Romney to Florence, where Aurora and Marian are living. Romney, who considers himself still plighted to Marian, and responsible in a measure for her misfortunes, renews his offer of marriage, which is refused, and the story ends with the betrothal of Aurora and Romney.

NOTE II, PAGE 87. — *Casa Guidi Windows* consists of two parts, and contains some twelve hundred lines, and depicts the struggles of the Free Italy party to throw off the Austrian yoke, 1848-51. The following short prefatory note was prefixed to the poem by the author.

‘This Poem contains the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany of which she was a witness. “From a window,” the critic may demur. She bows to the objection in the very title of her work. No continuous narrative, nor exposition of political philosophy, is attempted by her. It is a simple story of personal impressions, whose only value is in the intensity with which they were received, as proving her warm affection for a beautiful and unfortunate country; and the sincerity with which they are related, as indicating her own good faith and freedom from all partizanship.

‘Of the two parts of this Poem, the first was written nearly three years ago, while the second resumes the actual situation of 1851. The discrepancy between the two parts is a sufficient guarantee to the public of the truthfulness of the writer, who, though she certainly escaped the epidemic “falling sickness” of enthusiasm for Pio Nono, takes shame upon herself that she believed, like a woman, some royal oaths, and lost sight of the probable consequences of some obvious popular defects. If the discrepancy should be painful to the reader, let him understand that to the writer it has been more so. But such discrepancy we are called upon to accept at every hour by the conditions of our nature, . . . the discrepancy between aspiration and performance, between faith and disillusion, between hope and fact.

“Oh trusted, broken prophecy,
Oh richest fortune sourly crost,
Born for the future, to the future lost !”

Nay, not lost to the future in this case. The future of Italy shall not be disinherited. — FLORENCE, 1851.'

NOTE 12, PAGE 90. — The *Sonnets from the Portuguese* contain forty-four sonnets.

NOTE 13, PAGE 98. — *Crowned and Buried* contains twenty-eight stanzas, and the theme is the removal by Louis Philippe, in 1840, of the ashes of Napoleon I. from St. Helena to their present resting-place under the dome of the Invalides at Paris.

NOTE 14, PAGE 105. — *Orion* consists of three books, each divided into three cantos, and contains some thirty-five hundred lines. The purpose of the poems, as explained by the author in a preface to the tenth edition, is as follows: '*Orion*, the hero of my fable, is meant to present the type of the struggle of man with himself, *i. e.*, the contest between the intellect and the senses where powerful energies are equally balanced. *Orion* is a man standing naked before Heaven and Destiny, resolved to work as a really free-agent to the utmost pitch of his powers for the good of his race. He is a truly practical believer in the gods, and in his own conscience; a child with the strength of a giant; with a heart expanding towards the largeness and warmth of Nature, and a spirit unconsciously aspiring to the stars. He is a dreamer of noble dreams, and a hunter of grand shadows (in accordance with the ancient symbolic mythos), all tending to healthy thought or to practical action and structure. He is the type of a Worker and Builder for his fellow-men. He presents the picture of a great and simple nature, struggling to develop all its loftiest energies, — determined to be and to do, to obtain knowledge and use it, — to live up to its faculties, — feeling, and acting nobly and powerfully for the service of the world, and seeking its own reward and happiness in the consciousness of a well-worked life, and the possession of a perfect sympathy enshrined in some lovely object.' The following is an outline of the fable as told in the poem. Orion chances to meet Artemis hunting, by whom he is persuaded to abandon his former life, and join her train. His love for Artemis serves to develop his intellectual faculties, but fails to bring him full satisfaction, and in a moment of discontent, he seeks the company of his former companions and fellow-giants. Chief among these are Rhexergon, the breaker down of things, Harpax, son of the God of Folly, and Akinetos, the Great Unmoved. A feast of the giants is then proposed, at the conclusion of which the suggestion came to Orion in a dream that he should wed Meropè, the daughter of Oinopion, King of Chios. The King consents to give his daughter to Orion on condition that Orion will clear his realms of all

savage beasts. Orion seeks the aid of three of his fellow-giants, who are slain by Artemis, who has become jealous of Orion's love for Meropè. The two other giants upon whom Orion calls are through the influence of Artemis also overcome with a deep sleep, but Orion manages to finish the task alone, and within the specified time. Oinopion, however, refuses to fulfil his part of the contract, but Orion carries off Meropè by force, and lives happily with her until blinded by Oinopion. Meropè then deserts him, and Orion seeks the aid of Eos, who unseals his eyes, and loves him with an affection which fully satisfies him. In the midst of his new found happiness, however, he is slain by the jealous Artemis. By the joint prayers of Eos and Artemis, who has relented, Zeus consents to the restoration of Orion to life, and he is assigned a place among the constellations, and made happy in a glorious immortality and eternal union with Eos.

NOTE 15, PAGE 119. — *Dipsychus* consists of two parts, each part divided into different scenes, and contains in all some two thousand lines. There is also a brief and fragmentary third part. The scene of the first two parts is laid at Venice, and the poem is in the form of a dialogue between Dipsychus and the Spirit. The purpose of the poem is to depict the conflict between conscience and the world.

NOTE 16, PAGE 125. — The full title is *The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich, a Long-Vacation Pastoral*. It is divided into nine short cantos, and contains about two thousand lines. It describes a college reading-party in the Scottish Highlands during the midsummer holidays, in which the main incident is the courtship of Philip the radical of the party, and Elspie the daughter of a peasant farmer in the Highlands. The various characters in the poem have been identified as follows: — *Hobbes*, Ward Hunt; *Adam*, Clough himself; *Lindsay*, F. R. Johnson, of Christ Church; *Hewson*, J. S. Winder, of Oriel; *Arthur*, H. W. Fisher, of Christ Church; *Airlie*, J. Deacon, of Oriel; *Sir Hector*, Mr. Farquharson.

NOTE 17, PAGE 128. — The *Songs in Absence* contain fourteen songs in all, and were composed either during Clough's voyage across the Atlantic in 1852, or during his residence in America.

NOTE 18, PAGE 149. — The *Songs of the Night Watches* consist of five short songs, entitled respectively *Introductory*, *Apprenticed*; *The First Watch*, *Tired*; *The Middle Watch*; *The Morning Watch*, *The Coming In of the Mermaid*; *Concluding Song of Dawn*, *A Morn of May*.

NOTE 19, PAGE 155. — The *Songs of Seven* contain seven short songs, of which the titles are: *Seven Times One, Exultation*; *Seven Times Two, Romance*; *Seven Times Three, Love*; *Seven Times Four, Maternity*; *Seven Times Five, Widowhood*; *Seven Times Six, Giving In Marriage*; *Seven Times Seven, Looking Home*.

NOTE 20, PAGE 188. — *Festus* contains some fourteen thousand lines, is divided into thirty-five scenes, and is in form a loose dialogue. The theme is the Temptation of Festus, an ardent student, by Lucifer, and the various phases of temptation through which he passes. The theological purpose of the poem was to impeach the dogma of eternal punishment and advocate the doctrine of the final restoration of all souls.

NOTE 21, PAGE 197. — *The Angel in the House* properly consists of two books, as given in the author's latest revision. Each book contains twelve cantos, preceded by three or four short lyrics, which the author designates as preludes, the last of which is usually a four-line stanza, as e. g., *The Kiss*, on page 201. The titles of the different selections as given here are all those of the author. The poem contains some four thousand lines, and the theme is the history of the courtship of an English country gentleman.

NOTE 22, PAGE 213. — *The Wife of Miletus*. 'This story is found in the "Erotics" of Parthenius.' *Author's note*.

NOTE 23, PAGE 233. — *The Bad Squire*. This is the poem which the keeper Tregarva is represented as having written, in *Yeast*, where it is entitled *A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter*.

NOTE 24, PAGE 248. — *A Lancashire Doxology*. To this poem the author has the following note prefixed: —

'Some cotton has lately been imported into Faringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them.' — *Spectator*, of May 14, 1863.

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PSEUDONYMS AND LITERARY SOBRIQUETS.

THE authority, in most cases, is *Initials and Pseudonyms*, by William Cushing, B.A., 1885. The pseudonyms include such as were used by the author in his prose as well as his poetical works, but not the author's own initials where those have been used as a literary disguise in either instance.

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